GRAN'POP DISAPPROVES OF THE SUN-BATHERS.—BY LAWSON WOOD.

1/-

# The Sketch

Quality with Style & finish

"LUVISCA" SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades, including two collars, 10/6 each.

"LUVISCA" PYJAMAS in striped designs or plain shades, 17/6 each.

*Garments made to measure subject to special quotation.*
Sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters, Stores and all Austin Reed shops.
Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 5 M.), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1. who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

LOOK FOR THE REGD. TAB — Luvisca REGD. COURTAULDS — NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

"Luvisca" REGD. SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

FOR BANQUETS, ALL SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, LUNCHEONS, ETC.

THE NEW CONNAUGHT ROOMS

LONDONS MOST LUXURIOUS BANQUETING HALLS

FAMOUS CUISINE ■ LATEST VENTILATION PURE AIR ALWAYS ■ NEW SPACIOUS CLOAK ROOMS

FOR THE BEST TRAVEL SERVICE

DEAN & DAWSON LTD

81 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1 Phone: GROSVENOR 2873-6 AND BRANCHES

no particular symptoms—

Just in need of MALVERN VICHY

W. & J. BURROW LIMITED, THE SPRINGS, MALVERN.

For pleasant holidays choose

LAUSANNE SWITZERLAND

A centre of Education. The healthiest resort, with the very best-known physicians, and

LAUSANNE-PALACE-BEAU-SITE

The leading high-class hotels in town and the nicest position, overlooking Lake and Alps. Own Magnificent Park, Private Tennis Courts, Golf Links (18 holes), Bathing Beach, Garage. Premises of the British and American Club in the Hotels. NEAR THE MOST FAMOUS SCHOOLS. Best Cuisine. Reasonable Rates.

LUCIEN A. POLTERA, *Director.*

GLUTEN BISCUITS What are they?

Prepared from the formula of a very eminent Harley Street dietetician to form part of the usual diet.

EAT FOR SLIMNESS
Lessening weight does not bring weakness and "nerves" when you slim with Gluten Biscuits. These delicious biscuits, eaten regularly, decrease weight, increase health.

THE COMMONSENSE WAY
Only that part of the wheat which replenishes muscular tissues, and avoids fat, is contained in Gluten Biscuits. That is why they nourish without risk of fattening.

Obtainable at Boots (Chemists), Harrods, Fortnum & Mason, Selfridge's, etc., or direct from

SARXCENE FOOD CO · 104 GREAT PORTLAND ST · W · 1


PRICE ONE SHILLING; BY INLAND POST, 1/1½
Canada and Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 2½d.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

## So much the better!

You know how Kiwi polish preserves and beautifies shoes —try Kiwi White Cream and see the flattering finish it gives to delicate footwear.

# KIWI
*The Quality*
## SHOE CREAM



## VAPEX
(REG TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

**The Simple, Speedy Safe, Cold Cure**

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

*Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-*

V.51. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO *The Sketch* PAYABLE IN ADVANCE (1934)

INLAND.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 3s. 3d. Six Months, £1 10s. 6d. (including Christmas Number, £1 12s. 10d.). Three Months, 15s. 3d. (or including Christmas Number, 17s. 8d.).

CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d. Six Months, £1 9s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number, £1 11s. 8d.). Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number, 17s.).

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 12s. 4d. Six Months, £1 15s. (including Christmas Number, £1 17s. 6d). Three Months 17s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number, £1 0s. 0d.).

Remittances may be made by cheque, payable to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.*, and crossed "The National Provincial Bank, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office to *The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd.*, of 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.



**BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN! 2 to 6 INCHES!**
Increased my own height to 6ft. 3⅞in. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O. Box 15.*)

## Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris & Berlin

AT the PARIS Offices of "The Sketch," "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

*The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris.*

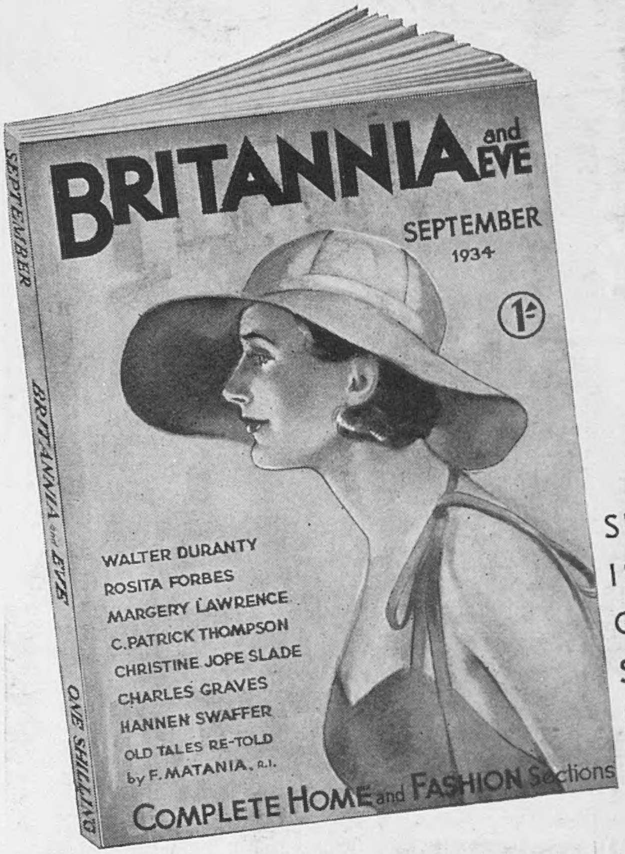
*All Continental Business Enquiries should be addressed to :*

PARIS OFFICE : 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées, *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czecho-slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE : Kurfürstendamm, 32, *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.



# YOUR HOLIDAY
## will be happier if you take THIS MAGAZINE




SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE FRIDAY, AUGUST 31

## All these in the SEPTEMBER ISSUE

**FIFTY YEARS AGO: No. 9:** UNPREPAREDNESS. THE CRISIS OF 1884.
**MURDER IN MOSCOW:** *by Walter Duranty.*
**THIS AGE OF LOVELIES:** *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
**ENDEAVOUR . . .** *by A. M. Kinnersley Saul.*
**MR. PARLBUTT AND THE LOVE PHILTRE:** *by Margery Lawrence.*
**JAPAN'S WORKING LIFE:** *by Rosita Forbes.*
**FULL DRESS UNIFORM:** *by Christine Jope-Slade.*
**HOPS—THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS:** *by Charles Graves.*
**TRAVEL BOY:** *by Hannen Swaffer.*
**THE CRIPPLED SHIP:** *by Louis Kaye.*
**BOOKS:** *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
**EVIDENCE IN CAMERA:** *by William J. Makin.*
**OLD TALES RE-TOLD:** "BEATRICE CENCI": *Written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
**TESTS OF TASTE IN HOME DECORATION.**
**PERSONAL HYGIENE:** "A WOMAN IS AS YOUNG AS HER EYES," *by "Chrysis."*
**LIGHT BY NIGHT:** *Winifred Lewis discusses some practical lighting schemes.*
**FASHIONS:** *by Jean Burnup.*
**BUSYBODY'S NOTEBOOK FOR WOMEN.**
**R.S.V.P.:** SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SPARE BEDROOM.
**OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES:** THE LONDON HOME OF MR. and MRS IAIN MURRAY.
**AN EASY-TO-KNIT CARDIGAN.**
**WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.**
**NOISE!:** *by G. Baseden Butt.*
**YOUR HOME AND YOUR TEMPERAMENT:** *by Olive Rinder.*
**FASHIONS THAT WILL INTEREST THE HOME DRESSMAKER.**
**ALL SCOTCH RECIPES:** *by A. H. Adair.*
**SWEETS TO REMEMBER WHEN THE DINNER IS FORGOTTEN:** *by A. H. Adair.*
**MODERN FIREPLACES.**
**MOTORING:** *by the Earl of Cardigan.*

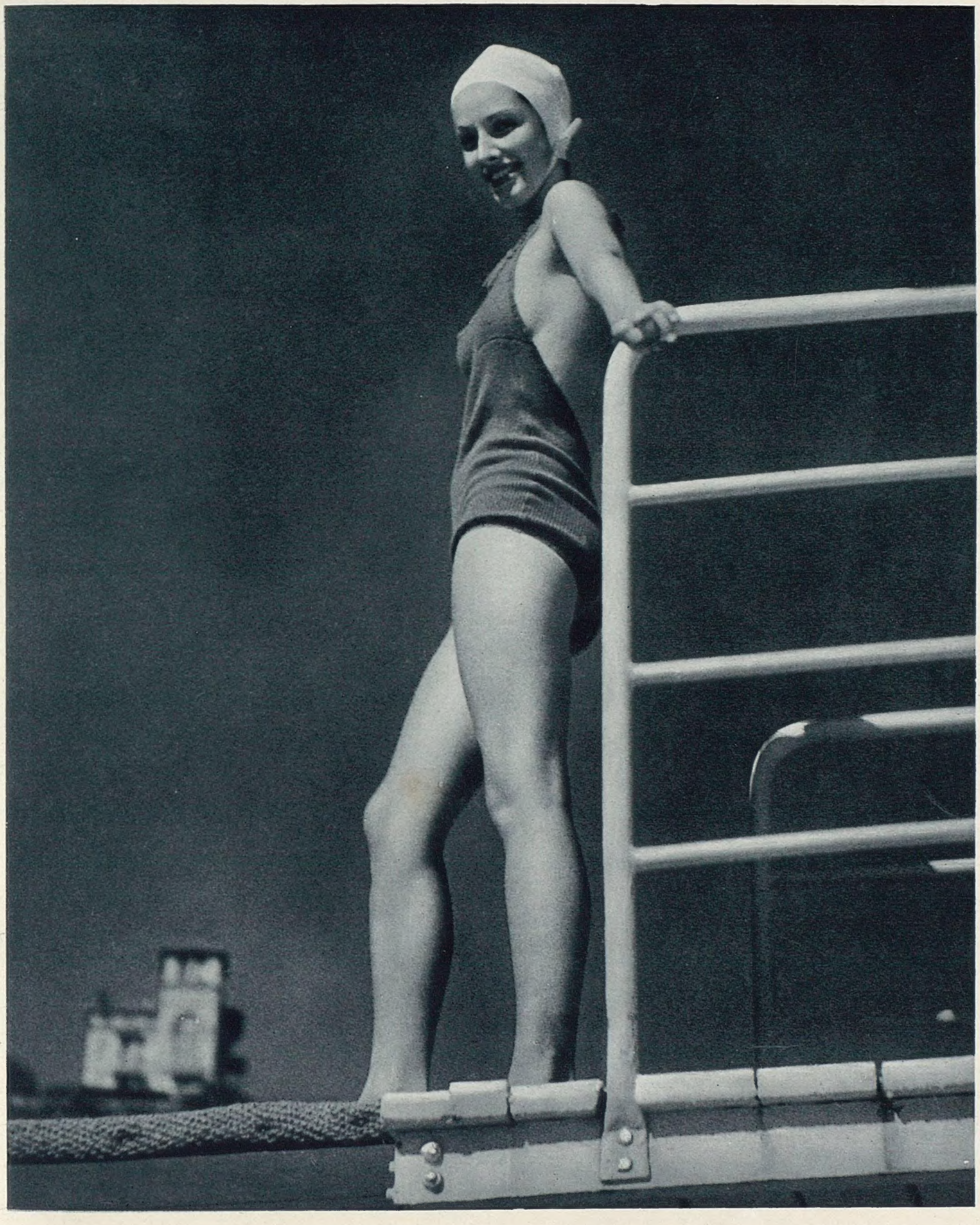
**MAGNIFICENT STORIES, MAGNIFICENT ARTICLES—something to interest YOU. There's never a dull moment when you've got BRITANNIA and EVE. Just you get it and see. Every newsagent sells it.**

# BRITANNIA AND EVE
THE MOST ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD


348. P. 217

# The Sketch

No. 2170.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

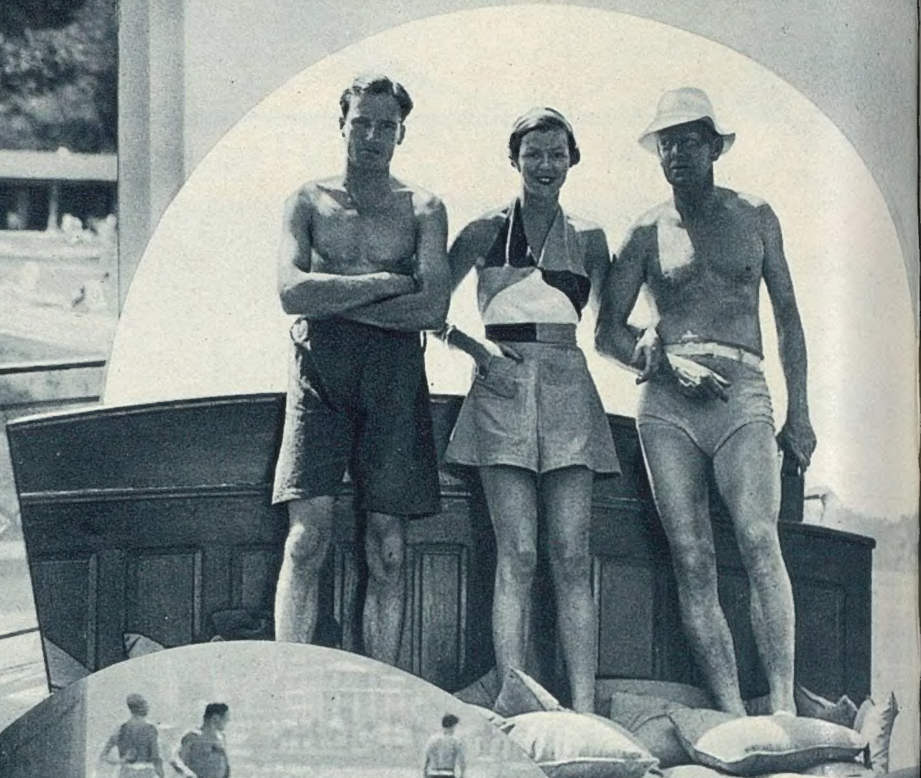



THE LITTLE FOLLY UP ALOFT!

*The camera, very properly, looked up to beauty when this photograph was taken. The lovely lady was posed far above the lens, for she was standing on the tip-top platform of the diving-board at Monte Carlo, just about to take a header. She is Miss Ruth Hilliard, of the Monte Carlo Follies.*

# SUN - TANNED BEAUTY À L

MRS. LEVESON-GOWER'S shorts are beautifully cut, and her fish toy is amusing. She was Princess Avril Imeretinsky; and is shown with her husband, CAPTAIN LEVESON-GOWER.



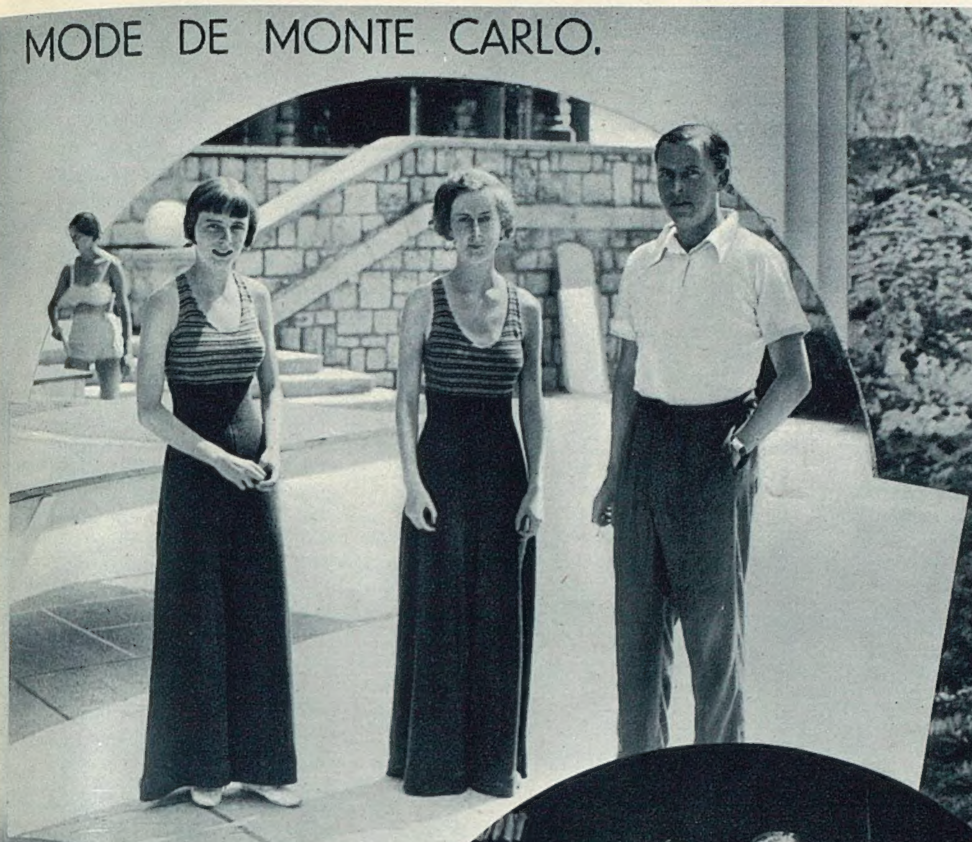
MR. THOMAS WADDINGTON, the COUNTESS OF WARWICK, and CAPTAIN GUY LAMBERT posed on board the "Lady B."

Left: MISS YOLANDE HOLROYD and DR. R. A. BEAVER, the racing motorist, are here seen having a little repose.

Below: The HON. KAY NORTON, LADY ASHLEY, and MRS. HOLLWAY are off to lunch at Monte Carlo in the new swimming-pool restaurant.

MRS. CHUNN and the MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY are enjoying light refreshment at an open-air restaurant.

# MODE DE MONTE CARLO.



*THE MISSES MARGESSON wear woollen trousers with gay, striped tops. They are with SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE, BT.*

*MR. THOMAS WADDINGTON and LADY BRIDGETT POULETT are posed on a balcony at Monte Carlo.*

*Below: MRS. A. SMITH-BINGHAM and her sister, the COUNTESS DE PRET-ROOSE, look like two schoolgirls in their tailored shirts and shorts on board the "Iona."*

*MISS DIANA VERCHER wears a two-piece bathing suit of gaily patterned material. She is on the high-diving board.*

*This bathing-party consists of MME. MADY GOSCHEAU, MR. CHARLES DOUGHTY, K.C., and MISS INGE VON DIPPE.*

# MOTLEY NOTES.

## By ALAN KEMP.

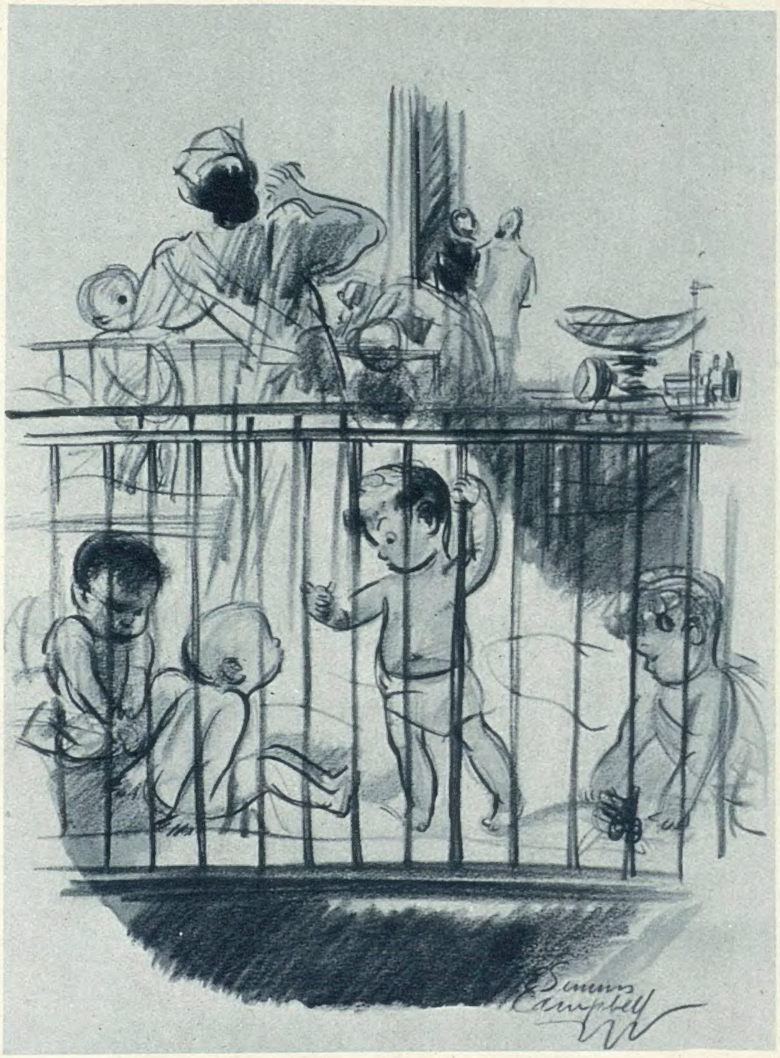
### A PRESSING COMMUNICATION.

I LIKE the way the doctors put us in our places nowadays. There used to be a thing called the bedside manner: it soothed and softened, judiciously mingling gentleness with firmness. Stretched on our bed of pain, we did not mind doing what we were told if we only got a little sympathy, which, after all, is the only compensation (except hot-house grapes, flowers, and light fiction) for our ills. All that is gone, however; we get no sympathy, we are merely scolded, and if the scolding does not restore us to health and strength, so much the worse for us. Treat 'em rough, tell them where they get off—that is the modern policy with patients; and the patients are not usually in a position to defend themselves.

Take, for example, this question of blood-pressure. As you are doubtless aware, it has become a national scourge. Only a few years ago, though we knew to our cost that pressing might be a serious affliction at golf, few of us associated it with the blood-stream. Then somebody invented an ingenious instrument, rather like a speedometer or an oil pressure-gauge, for strapping on to patients' arms; every doctor got one, and it was at once discovered that there was scarcely a man, woman or child in the country whose blood was not pressing either too much or too little. The plus people were immediately starved to shadows of their former selves, and the minus people—well, I don't know exactly what happened to them, but I think most of them were filled to the brim with cod-liver oil. And whose fault was it all? Obviously not that of the instrument; still more obviously, not that of a wholly disinterested profession. Argal, it was the fault of the pluses and minuses themselves, and serve them right.

That, at all events, is what a certain medical authority has recently been stating, in no uncertain terms. He explains that blood-pressure is only a mechanical device of nature which operates in moments of excitement "so that blood may be furnished to the extremities to enable the body to respond to the primitive instincts of fight or flight." (Does it occur to this practitioner that certain patients whose blood behaves erratically in the consulting-room may be responding to the "primitive instincts of fight or flight"?) This (we are informed) is why a Frenchman, when he becomes excited, feels his extremities tingling and therefore semaphores with his hands; possibly it also explains why the Latin races, in personal combat, are apt to flourish their feet, in response to a "primitive instinct." Very different, our Doctor continues, is the hardy Scot, who, when the pressure goes up, "merely says 'Och aye,' and goes and has a glass of whisky." What becomes of the Scotsman's extremities in the meantime is not explained; but it is well known that in Scotland whisky is never taken because one wants a drink, but because there is a variety of sound, logical reasons for it, of which "keeping the cold out" is perhaps the most popular. It is interesting to know that reducing the pressure of the extremities, and restraining instincts of fight or flight, are also good reasons, and the news will be welcome from the Tweed to the Orkneys.

Some eccentricity of the extremities may be excused; but when they really get out of hand (so to say), then we have only ourselves to thank, and two dreadful alternatives confront us. Look on this picture and on that! "The typical high blood-pressure person is the bald, fat man of fifty, who has never had indigestion in his life, and who, if you tell him he should not eat and drink so much, will say that those damned doctors don't know what they 're talking about. But one day he bends down to tie up his bootlace, and he has a stroke." That is Mr. Plus and, among other things, he teaches us the awful judgment which falls upon people who call doctors names and say that they do not know what they are talking about. Mr. Minus is in almost as bad a case, though he does seem to get a little *dolce far niente* by way of compensation. "The opposite to that type of man is the tall, thin, cadaverous person with low blood-pressure, whose one desire is to lie down, and who hates doing anything which necessitates his being upright. He is really no more refined than the fat man, because he has probably been eating and drinking things which poison him just as much as the fat man has."



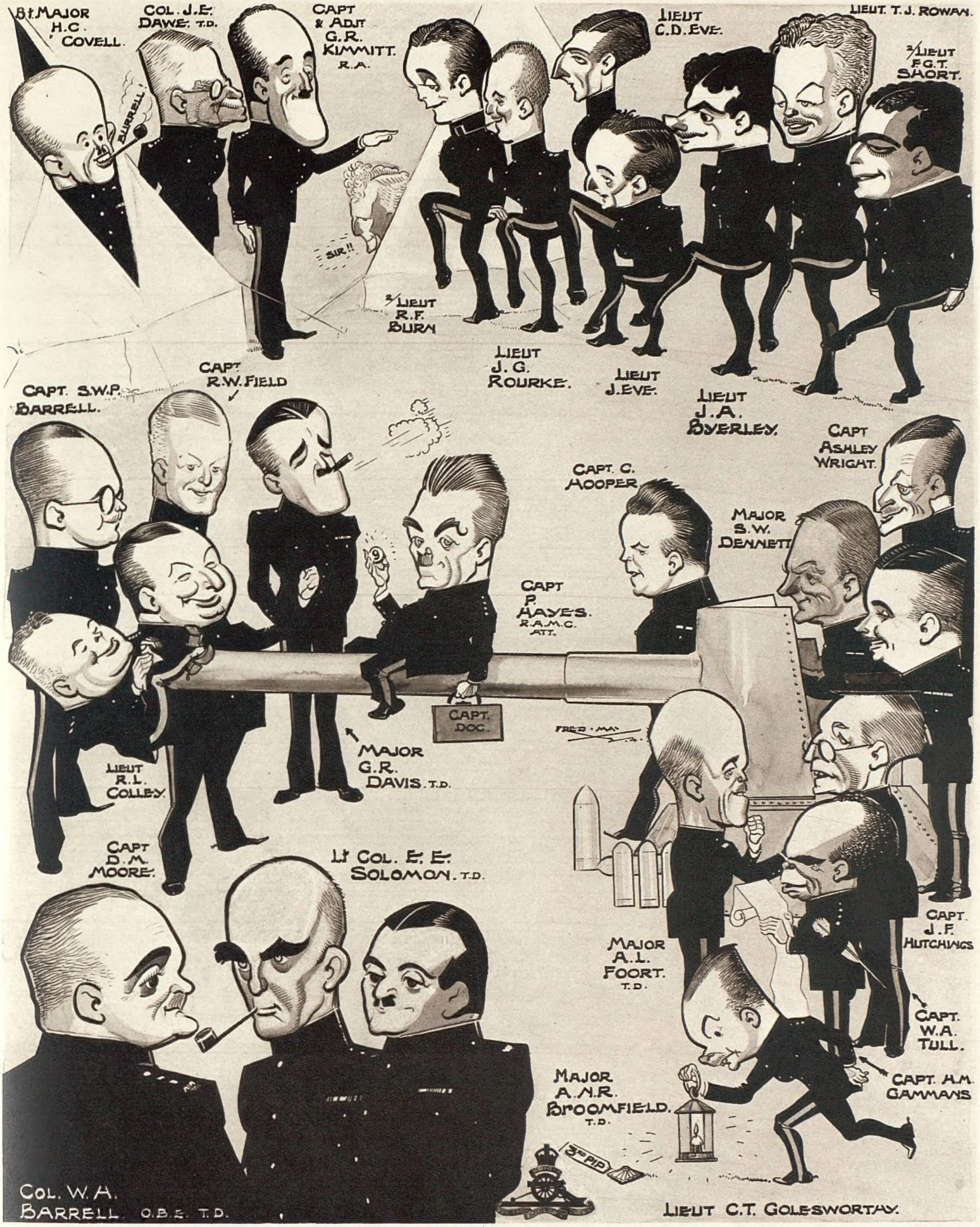

*"DON'T FORGET; TO-NIGHT WE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!"*

DRAWN BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF "ESQUIRE," OF CHICAGO.

It is hard on us. We don't seem able to do right. Stout or thin, hearty or sluggish, upright or prone, we have sinned and there is no health in us. *And the worst of it is, it is true.*

I do not really blame the leeches for scolding. I may seem to cock a snook at them in irresponsible moments, but I have a great respect for them really, and, indeed, am humble before them, because I have generally found themselves to be men of humble mind and the most laudable intentions. The real fact is that they don't and can't scold half enough. Theirs is a delicate position. Many a time they must be tempted to say: "My Dear Sir (or Madam), there is nothing whatever the matter with you except that you are eating and drinking all the wrong things and living all the wrong sort of life." But that would only mean that the outraged patient would run off to a less scrupulous *confrère*, and so the consultant says instead, "You must go to Carlsbad, or take a trip round the world." It is the melancholy fact that after a fairly lengthy tenancy of this earth, and after a great deal of what is called progress, we have not learned how to live; and a great many people spend their whole lives committing suicide.

But—and it is a very big one—have you, learned and worthy chirurgeons, quite taught us how to live? You think you have, you say you have; but, unfortunately, no two of you are agreed about it. Chide us as much as you like about our pressing, slicing, and hooking—no doubt you are quite right, but *do* try to achieve a little more unanimity about the right way to hit the ball. Until you do, this deplorable plus and minus business will still go on—which is unfortunate for your practices, isn't it?

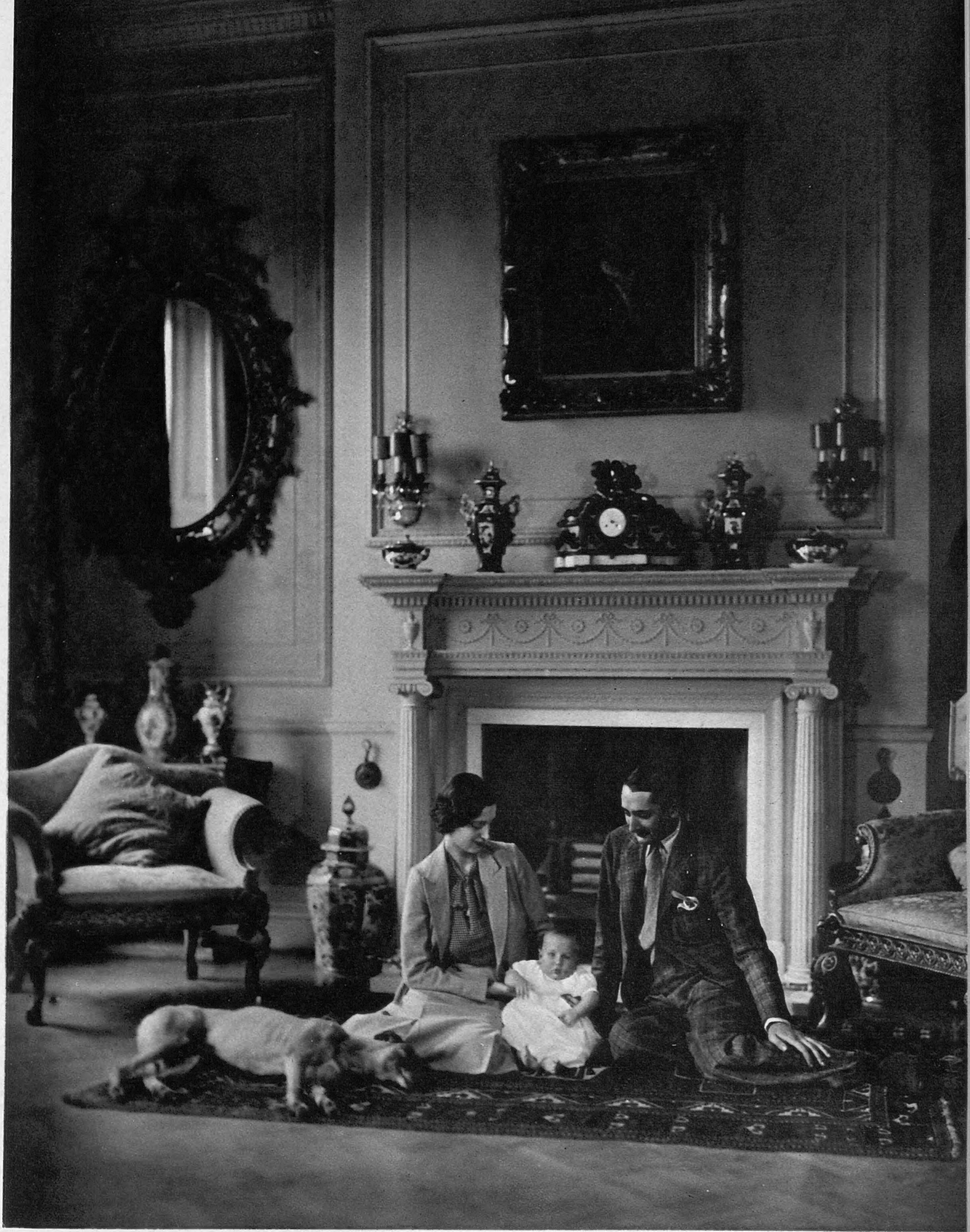



# WITH THE GUNNERS AT PORTSMOUTH: THE HAMPSHIRE HEAVY BRIGADE.

*Fred May has been caricaturing the Army! His victims on this page are officers of the Hampshire Heavy Brigade, Royal Artillery, H.Q. Portsmouth, where they have two batteries stationed (155th and 156th Batteries); with others at Southampton and Eastleigh. In order of precedence, they are only second to one, a North Country unit, and are one of the strongest and oldest in the country. They were originally known as the 1st Hampshire Volunteers, and until recently had Field-Marshal Lord Milne as their Colonel-in-Chief. The Hon. Colonel of the Brigade is Colonel J. E. Dawe, T.D.; and the sketches include the present Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. E. E. Solomon, T.D., the late C.O., Colonel W. H. Barrell, O.B.E., T.D., and the senior Major, Major Broomfield, T.D. All the battery commanders are portrayed. The caricatures were drawn at a guest night when the Brigade were doing a bit of training under canvas just across the water from Portsmouth.*

# A "KEEK" AT THE SCOTTISH SEASON.

1. MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, daughter of Mr. Winston Churchill, expects the worst from her spaniel: he is named Troublesome! He is with her in Scotland, where all our keeks (or, peeps!) were taken.
2. MRS. O'BRIEN, MISS O'BRIEN, the HON. MRS. BRUCE OGILVY, and MR. G. H. OGILVY at the Airlie Flower Show. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy was Miss Primrose O'Brien.
3. MR. W. E. BAXTER, MISS CLEMENTINE MITFORD, MRS. BAXTER, and MISS PEGGY HOPE are seen at the Airlie Flower Show. Miss Clementine Mitford is the younger daughter of Lady Helen Nutting.
4. MR. and MRS. J. FRASER-SIMSON, of Dalcross Castle, attended the Nairn Highland Games. He is the composer of "The Maid of the Mountains" and many other successes; and she is well known as an author.
5. This group at Comlongan Castle, Dumfriesshire, shows (l. to r.) MR. HUGH GURNEY, British Minister to Denmark, DAVID GURNEY, LORD SCONE, the host, the MASTER OF SCONE, the HON. LADY CARNEGIE, MRS. GURNEY, and LADY SCONE, the hostess. Mrs. Gurney and Lady Scone are sisters. The Hon. Lady Carnegie is their mother.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

## ENGLISH CONVERSATION PIECE ON A PERSIAN RUG.

*This delightful study of LORD and LADY EBURY shows them posed on a Persian rug with their infant son, the HON. FRANCIS EGERTON GROSVENOR, in the drawing - room of their country home, Red Heath, Croxley Green, Watford, which contains some fine French furniture and Chinese porcelain with French ormolu mounts. Before her marriage, Lady Ebury was Miss Anne Acland - Troyte.*

# VENICE ASIDES.

## By PAMELA MURRAY.

ONCE upon a time, when the English were ruled by Victoria the Matriarch, and subsequently by Edward the Diplomat, it was considered correct to settle in one health spa, or holiday resort, for a number of weeks or months. Our parents and grandparents entered into the daily round of this selected *ville d'eau* with gentlemanly enthusiasm or lady-like lethargy, and did not venture beyond occasional carriage drives to neighbouring beauty-spots. Although train services were often as good as to-day, it would have been unseemly to caper from Trouville to Baden-Baden twice in a season. The *avant-guerre* mentality was not adapted to quick changes of climate, clothes, and companions. It travelled with important luggage, massive and multitudinous, a substantial retinue, and the absolute certainty that EVERYTHING ENGLISH IS BEST. To-day we travel with a couple of suit-cases, a girl friend or a boy friend, as the case may be, and a cringing complex that EVERYTHING CONTINENTAL IS GAY. Those trying words "gay" and "*chic*" were only "discovered" to describe an age which, owing to wars and depressions, has not proved very gay, and

*MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH, who has become noted for the graceful capes she wears night and day, added a white bathing cape to her collection, and is seen in it at Deauville over a brown linen beach suit.*

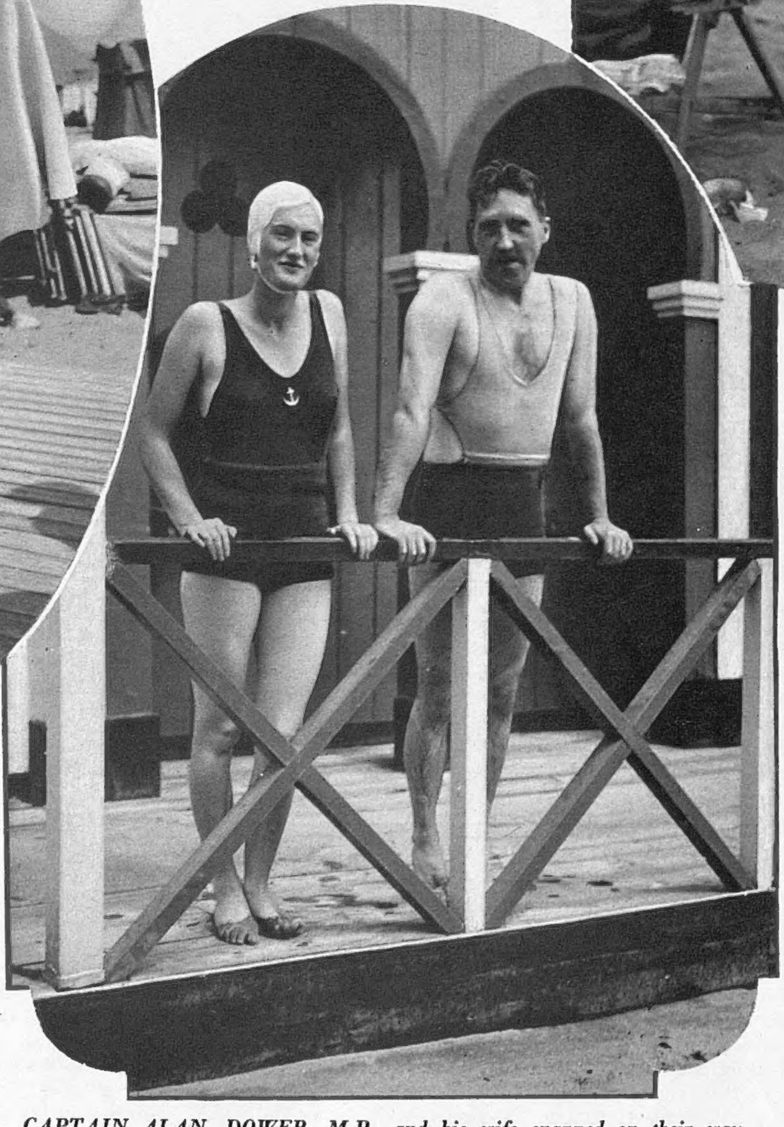
owing to the standardisation of woman's dress and the passing of *les grandes cocottes*, is the antithesis of *chic*, even when pronounced "chick." For as Cicely Courtneidge sings, "There 's a trick in picking a chick, chick, chicken to day-ee." There 's also a trick in picking a gondola. Ask the price before you start.

Now that holiday-makers (not to be confused with hay-makers, because it 's *hôteliers* who make hay while the sun shines) move about rapidly in cars and 'planes, visiting half-a-dozen *plages* in three weeks (with or without Elizabeth), we advise the Big Brains of Monte Carlo and Venice to get together for mutual benefit and run a fast night train, with adequate *wagons-lits*, between Nice and Venice twice-weekly in both directions. There cannot be too much co-operation and a united attempt might well be made to create a flow of visitors who, instead of spending, say, three weeks on the Riviera and going home to Paris or London, put in an extra week at the Lido "because it 's so easy getting there," while those at the Lido would feel equally impelled to take a week's French leave on their way home. This idea is not unworkable. Already Monte Carlo and St. Moritz have sporting links, while Cannes and Villa d'Este interchange golf teams. At present there 's a day train from Monte Carlo to Venice crawling for fourteen hours through the heat, and a "night" train which leaves at 2 p.m. and arrives at 5.30 a.m., with one sleeping-car, twice a week. We took the latter and spent most of the journey sleeping peacefully in Genoa and Milan where the train curls up for hours. It would be easy to run an express leaving at 10 p.m. and arriving at 8 a.m., with the minimum

*MISS SHEILA ROCHE, a Mayfair "beauty" who is a Deauville regular, divides her time between the races and the Casino, with a bathe thrown in. Her suit is white rubber.*

formalities at the frontier. Modern tourists are spoilt, and if it 's not made easy for them to "go places and do things" they spend elsewhere.

The only consolation attached to the present régime is that we had our first view of Venice at half-past five on a cool, autumnal morning, when she was veiled by little wraiths of smoky cloud, like a lady whose chastity is unquestioned. A Cæsar's wife among cities, her cheeks the rosy palaces blushing at our inquisitive gaze. Venice makes an effortless impression, limpid grey and tender pink buildings wandering away in delicate perspective as the Excelsior launch chugs through canals, overtaking boats picturesquely piled with vegetables and fruit, and propelled by a sleepy-eyed fellow who grumbles as the swell in our wake puts him out of his stride.



*CAPTAIN ALAN DOWER, M.P., and his wife snapped on their way to bathe on the Lido. She had then just returned from a ten-day visit to Kenya by air. Mrs. Dower is Lord Sherborne's niece, and Sir George Clerk's younger daughter.*

*MR. DAVID HENEAGE, who is in the Grenadiers, is here giving advice to COUNTESS POULETT at Deauville races, on the day that the Prix Morny was run. He is one of England's keenest younger regulars, and never seems to miss a Saturday's racing near London.*

Once in the Grand Canal the least æsthetic of visitors is reminded of the Canalettos, real and assumed, he has been called on to admire in friends' dining-rooms (why is this artist and his school inevitably hung above the sideboard ?), as gondolas, always black (see your history - books), and graceful as only an "Endeavour," a Pavlova, and a Mick the Miller is graceful, negotiate the lesser canals opening to right and left. These vistas, with their ornate old houses and little curved bridges, look too good to be true. You feel that if you landed they would disappear with a polite sigh. The Grand Hotel becomes a landmark before San Marco, and all the tabulated beauties (see Baedeker) claim your superlatives. It 's at the Grand that the Best People are staying, including Barbara Hutton and her Prince. The rooms are palatial, the atmosphere peaceful, and the tone sufficiently exclusive for such American aristocrats as Mrs. Vanderbilt, who, with Miss Anne Morgan, paused there between cruises.

We feel the ideal life, if you aren't invited to a palace—some are unsuited to be courtiers—is as follows. . . . Live at the Grand, sometimes dining there formally, sometimes darting out to little restaurants, like Baba Faucigny-Lucinge and her handsome husband, or making a meal off the famous *croûtes Monsieur* at Harry's Bar (an all-American evening with three *americanos* apiece), and by day going to the Lido, where you hire, share, or borrow a cabin in the front row facing the Adriatic. Cabins in the second row correspond to girls in the back row of the chorus. You catch a motor-launch from the Danieli Hotel — seven minutes' walk or ten minutes' gondola from the Grand—to the Lido. This comes and goes every half-hour, costing six *lire* return and taking twenty minutes. It 's the fashion to lunch either at the Excelsior *taverna*, like William Randolph Hearst and his troupe, or at one of the cheaper eating-houses further afield, like Gwen Kingham, the *spaghetti* connoisseur, or off fruit on your mattress, like Mrs. Myrtle d'Erlanger. Luckily for her, Lido fruit is varied and palatable, purveyed by local costers on trays.

*THELMA, LADY FURNESS, was cool-looking and dressed with great simplicity when this photograph of her was taken at Deauville, where she has taken a villa. Note the white crêpe dress for racing, with white accessories to show up her famous brunette beauty.*

The Excelsior itself is a giant among hotels. It reminds us more of the Vicki Baum setting than any other " Grand Hotel," perhaps because so many Germans are on the terrace, in the bar, at the *thé dansant* and *partout*. Unlike so many vast inns, it is absolutely crammed full to the roof. We know, because our room was on the roof ; and because we saw receptionists, with tears in their eyes, turning customers away. There 's something fundamentally cheerful about a crowded hotel. This August there are some Americans, some Germans, quantities of Italians, and a select band of English. In September the real English season begins with a Covent Garden element arriving from Salzburg, including Lady Diana Cooper, the Charles Cavendishes, Lady Cunard, Cecil Beaton, and so on. Venetian regulars call them the " *Setiembres*." The weather isn't unbearably hot, because tennis—on geranium-coloured courts—and even golf, occupy early mornings and late afternoons. There are no mosquitoes and the sea is always clean. Those who have only bathed in England think this an obvious remark. Others will understand and rejoice. We like the Lido breeze, the fine hot sand, and the presence of innumerable pretty women.

*On Deauville beach in blazing sunshine, MISS CARMAN COREY was photographed with MR. GEORGE ELLIOT. She is an attractive young girl who made her début a little time ago. Her red-and-white striped beach suit is excellent.*

PERSONALITIES. Principessa Jane di San Faustino, the " Queen of Venice," is a distinguished figure in her ankle-length Edwardian gown of white piqué, plus parasol. In the next cabins, and overflowing into hers, are the Hearsts (father, four sons, several daughters-in-law, of which Mrs. John is the beauty ; Marion Davies, and Harry Crocker) and the Huttons, consisting of Barbara's parents, her cousins, the good-looking Donahue boys, and a stream of visitors, including the Duca di Laurino Caracciolo. Princess Mdivani 's looking slight—though still nervous about being photographed in a bathing-suit—and happy. She appears in a different Chinese robe or pyjama, of celestially embroidered satin, daily. These cover her from neck to ankle. The accompanying sandals are extravagantly high-heeled and the anklets heavily laden with charms, like the Lady of Banbury Cross.

Kathleen Lady Drogheda, in a white bathing tunic and blue mandarin's hat, comes into view, her escort carrying the backgammon board. Lady Idina Haldeman, very white-skinned and golden-headed, shares a cushion with the Marquis de Paravicini at Miss Baker's cabin. Mary Baker, " Shy Bride " and authoress, seldom appears, preferring to send her guests to the Lido in her launch while she stays at her palace with mother.

1. The marriage of PRINCE LENNART OF SWEDEN, second son of Prince William of Sweden and of the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, and grandson of the King of Sweden, to MISS KARIN NISSVANDT, the daughter of a Stockholm business man, was one of the most romantic of all "fairy Prince" weddings. The young couple, who are known as Mr. and Mrs. Bernadotte, live at the lovely castle of Mainau, in the Isle of Mainau, on the Lake of Constance.
2. MR. LENNART BERNADOTTE is a clever film photographer. He is here concentrated on a close-up of his daughter, BRIDGET BERNADOTTE.
3. MRS. LENNART BERNADOTTE was formerly Miss Karin Nissvandt. In order to marry her, Prince Lennart of Sweden gave up his royal rank. The wedding took place in London in 1932.
4. MR. LENNART BERNADOTTE is fond of all forms of modern mechanism. He is here demonstrating his special burglar alarm, which is arranged to make quite a decorative wall-fitting.
5. The Mainau vineyards are the home of the famous Mainau wine. Here the former Prince Lennart of Sweden and his wife posed to the photographer.

# THE MOST ROMANTIC OF ROYAL MARRIAGES: THE FAIRY-

*An unconventional portrait of MR. and MRS. LENNART BERNADOTTE, who may be seen in the corner of the Castle terrace. He is extremely interested in all technical matters connected with films and has a special film-room in which his pictures can be displayed.*

TALE ISLAND HOME OF MR. AND MRS. BERNADOTTE.

# "WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

LESS than a year ago I gave a picture of a twaite-shad and recorded as remarkable the capture of a specimen by an angler fishing on Bournemouth pier. Although that was true enough at that time, so many specimens have been taken since then, on the east as well as the south coast, that now their capture is becoming quite a commonplace event. A week or two ago a lady angler caught one as far north as Redcar, but the greatest number have been taken in the Solent. Mr. W. White, of East Cowes, located a shoal of twaite and allis shad near Calshot last autumn and caught a number of them. On August Bank Holiday he took my friend Mr. Percy Wadham out to the bank between the Calshot Lighthouse and Calshot Castle, where these shad are to be found. Trailing white celluloid mackerel spinners astern, they started to hook fish as soon as the flood tide began to make. As the tide became stronger sport improved, and for three hours fish were being landed every few minutes. The total bag weighed over 30 lb. and consisted of 51 shad, 6 bass, and a mackerel. The twaite-shad has the most beautiful incandescent colourings, and is easily distinguished by the seven or eight large dark spots on the side.

**Practice for Novices.**

So many people are trying their hands at the new sport of tunny-fishing that I think it would be an excellent move on the part of the British Tunny Club to institute a school for novices. As things are now, the newcomer, who may never have handled a fishing-rod at all, goes to Scarborough and buys or hires a rod, harness, reel, etc. He learns a little about the tackle and tries to memorise all the things he must and must not do when he hooks his first tunny. The chances are his brain will refuse to function properly in the excitement of the moment, and the rod will be jerked down on the gunwale of the boat and something will smash. There is a risk, as every experienced big-game angler knows, that some day an unfortunate novice will be dragged overboard. On more than one occasion this has nearly happened to anglers who had previously landed tunny, and they managed to escape by letting their tackle go overboard.

*Over THIRTY POUNDS OF SHAD, BASS, and MACKEREL were the splendid results of three hours' fishing off Calshot.*

*MISS PATRICIA DUNCOMBE, aged fourteen, caught this BLUE MARLIN, WEIGHING 173 lb. and measuring 8 ft. 1 in. from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail-flukes, in the Bahamas. She played the fish for one hour, entirely unaided, before finally bringing it to the gaff. This was something of a feat for so young an angler.*

I feel sure this danger could be greatly minimised if beginners could get some practice with their tackle beforehand. My suggestion is that the novice should be harnessed up as though about to fish, either in a boat or, better still, on a jetty near water-level. The end of his line is then to be tied to a motor-boat, which would proceed to take the part of the tunny. Half an hour of this would accustom the novice to the use of the reel, and he would also learn how to "pump" a fish by pulling the motor-boat, with the engine cut off, of course, alongside the jetty. Personally, I should feel far more confident if I could "get the hang of the thing" in this way before tackling one of these monster fish. This practice could even be carried out in a field, with an old car as the tunny.

*Here is A SAMPLE DAY'S CATCH AT SUAKIM, forty miles south of Port Sudan, and one of the best sea-fishing centres in the Red Sea. One is always sure of some sport, especially in the winter months there. The fish are (l. to r.) DAAK, 16 lb.; BARRACOUTA, 8 lb.; AGOOS, 3 lb.; KWOMBILE, 2½ lb.; BAYAD, 10 lb.; and BAHAR, 7 lb.*

**Mirror Carp.**

Reporting the capture by Mr. Tom Ames of a 5½-lb. mirror carp in an old ballast pit near Northampton, a Bedford paper gave a sketch of a mirror carp showing the distinctive large scales along the lateral line and referred to it in large type as a rare fish. This qualification is misleading, as the mirror carp is not by any means rare. On the same day that I read this account, Major A. L. Cooper, who is over here on a short visit from Rhodesia, told me a story about mirror carp which shows they are not rare fish in Africa, at any rate. A certain farmer had a large dam on his land which provided wonderful duck-shooting. There was a drawback, however, as the greater part of the water was covered with very high reeds, making it impossible to retrieve half the birds that were shot. Thinking to add to the sporting possibilities of the dam, the farmer decided to put in some mirror carp. He obtained a few and for the first two years he did not allow any fishing. Then he made a few clearings in the reeds to give anglers a chance to catch the carp, but they were not allowed to take more than a limited number. Sport was good, and the next year the limit was removed. This had no appreciable effect on the numbers of mirror carp, and within six years they had cleared every scrap of reed and grass from the water, fouled the bottom of the dam, ruined the duck-shooting, and cost the farmer a great deal in time and labour netting them out.

**Fishing in the Seychelles.**

While talking with Major Cooper, he mentioned the Seychelles as being one of the finest spots in the world for sea-fishing. He caught barracouta there up to 70 lb., and they have been taken up to 100 lb. A species of albacore also gives fine sport, and there are many other varieties of fish, including a number which have not been classified. Tackle is unprocurable in the Seychelles, so it is necessary to take a good supply, especially a range of spoon from 3 to 6 in. in length. It is far better to take too much tackle than too little, as any surplus will find a ready market there. This information about the Seychelles was very opportune, as Captain Harry Rawson, R.N., wrote to me from Ireland a few weeks ago, saying that he had heard such attractive reports of the fishing at the Seychelles that he intended to make a special trip there with his wife and daughters, and could I give him some information about tackle, etc. I have put him in touch with Major Cooper.

## I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Six tunny, from 506 lb. to 756 lb., have been weighed on the official scales of the British Tunny Club up to August 20. All rod-caught fish, though the heaviest was reported to have been landed by hand-lining.

After a hard fight of nearly three hours, a skate of 112 lb. was landed in Waterville Bay by Messrs. W. T. and C. Mellowes.

Netsmen off Caister, near Great Yarmouth, are taking big catches of sea-trout close inshore. On August 15 three boats had 117, 90, and 82 sea-trout up to 7 lb. 3 oz.

R. L. MARSTON.

# WHO'S AT BIARRITZ AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING.

*LADY DOROTHY LYGON (left), MR. ROBERT HEBER-PERCY, and the HON. MRS. HENRY YORKE are among the holiday-makers at Biarritz.*

*This is a bird's-eye, or airman's, view of the BUCKMASTER cousins, MISS EULALIE, MISS BERYL, and MISS JOAN. Joan is Lady (Gladys Cooper) Pearson's daughter.*

*(Left) The MARQUES DE PORTAGO and MME. LEHMAN are here seen by the bathing-pool.*

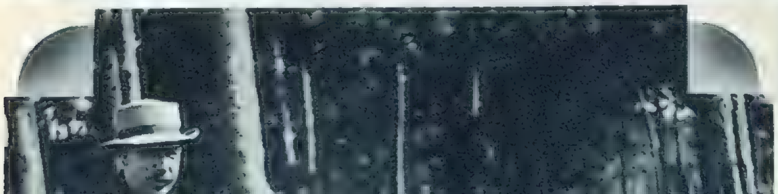
*LORD BEAVERBROOK and MRS. NORTON are sitting watching proceedings at Biarritz—and, believe me, they're worth watching!*

*(Right) MISS DIANA GUEST is introducing a Pekingese to a somewhat surprised polo pony.*

# THE BIARRITZ DAILY ROUND OF PLEASURE:

*There is a COCKTAIL BAR by the side of the fashionable swimming-pool, at which bathers can enjoy light refreshment between dips.*

*Mrs. Arthur Bendir and Countess Bosdari are enjoying a sun-bath on THE FAMOUS PLAGE BASQUE.*



*GOLF is another feature of the daily round of delight at the Basque resort. Major and Mrs. Roy Glen and Miss Emery are waiting to start.*

*(Right) SUN-BATHING AT THE CHAMBRE D'AMOUR POOL at Biarritz is a delightful affair. The pseudo-classical colonnade adds picturesqueness to the scene.*

# BAR, PLAGE, POOL, POLO, GOLF, AND CASINO-TIME.

*The BAR BASQUE is the rendezvous at which "everyone" who visits Biarritz turns up in the course of the day for an apéritif.*

*Mrs. Peter Horlick and her sister, Miss Pamela Nicholl, are two of the decorative members of the younger set at Biarritz. They are here at THE CHAMBRE D'AMOUR POOL.*

*The Duke and Duchess of Montebello are here seen WATCHING THE POLO, which is an important feature of Biarritz social life.*

*(Left) The indoor pleasures at Biarritz include a cabaret and Ambrose's band AT THE CASINO.*

# WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THIS week York is well in the centre of the social map for those who "put their trust in horses" in spite of the Bible warning against doing such a thing. York Races are always great fun. The nice approach to the Knavesmire through the old parts of the city is romantic, and the modern club-house is extremely convenient, as well as pretty. It stands surrounded with smooth green lawns, set out with white garden-seats under little trees in a very *intime*, friendly way.

The Princess Royal arranged to have a small house-party at Harewood House, as Lord Harewood is definitely better, and, of course, all the big places in the neighbourhood are full up for the meeting. Mr. Anstruther-Gray and his fiancée, Miss Monica Lambton, will be a popular young couple at the races, for they have gone to stay with the Christopher Leylands at Camp Hill, Bedale, for the week, and will, no doubt, be at the ball in York on Ebor Handicap night at which Lady Marjorie Beckett, Lady Deramore, and Lady Doris Vyner are all expected. Last week Lady Doris Vyner and her husband were at Ben Damph, which they have taken from Lord Lovelace this season, but they are both so keen on racing that they will, no doubt, run down to Yorkshire for their home meeting.

Le Touquet has been going exceedingly strong from the gay and lively point of view. The Battle of Flowers staged there was one of the best my spy has ever seen in France. Imagine our old friend "The Big Bad Wolf" all in flowers, but still quite frightening, and the three little pigs, complete with their house built of petals, drawn on a lorry. There was also a good piece with a cascade of real water falling over a mountain of roses (of course, if Cecil B. de Mille had only been producing, the water might have been champagne!), and a butterfly and a gondola and other remarkable floral efforts.

Carnation pigs and wolves of roses are, however, quite put in the shade by the transfers which Lady Dalrymple wears on her shoulders when she bathes. She arrived recently at Le Touquet from Biarritz, and intrigued the whole *plage* with these amusing decorations. They don't come off in the water, but obviously must be quite easy to remove, for they disappear when she comes out in evening dress at night. One is a golden moth, for wear with a yellow bathing-dress, and the alternatives include a silver butterfly, for a blue suit, and a many-coloured one for a red costume.

The Dalrymple-Champneys had a big lunch-party soon after their arrival. The guests included the Hungarian Minister to Madrid, the P. G. Wodehouses, the Stonehams, and Lady Lyle. Scotch salmon was sent over by air for the lunch, as a counter-blast, no doubt, to the grouse which were flown over from Scotland for Lady Lyle's dinner of the previous evening.

The Casino is crowded every night at Le Touquet. Every second woman has one of those long taffeta evening coats with full sleeves, which can be so terribly smart or equally so alarmingly dowdy, according to how they're worn. Mrs. Sweeny *mère* appears in one with ruchings all over, and gets away with it extremely well. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, has been with her, looking quite lovely in a blue sequin dress with an old-world picture frill falling off the shoulders. The new roulette-table is a great attraction. The villa people include the Somerset Maughams—Syrie and her daughter, Lisa, who have had a series of house-parties. Sir Anthony Weldon, the Plunkets, Ralph Lynn and his wife, and the ubiquitous "Lionel" Portarlington have all been seen. The last-named was in excellent form, as usual, and had some startlingly gay bathing-suits in his wardrobe and a lovely lot of "new models" in the way of hats! Now, I think, he's in Scotland.

*The marriage of MR. EDWARD L. MALLALIEU, M.P., to MISS BETTY PRIDE, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Pride, took place at St. Chad's Church, Leeds.*

*The marriage of LADY HINDLIP, daughter of the late Mr. Harold Nickols and of Mrs. Nickols, to MR. HAROLD HUTH, the actor, son of the late Mr. Frank Huth and of Mrs. Huth, O.B.E., took place last week.*

Norfolk society, having danced in historic fifteenth-century Oxburgh, went to a ball at magnificent eighteenth-century Houghton as the next item in its giddy August season. This famous house contains such wonderful museum pieces of furniture that guests were only "let loose" on the ground floor; and were restricted from going upstairs in case any damage might be done.

Lady Cholmondeley, the hostess, who is slender, dark, and distinguished, chose a bluish-green to wear with her rivière of huge emeralds and diamonds and her high tiara. Her brother, Sir Philip Sassoon, was there to help with the party. He took one of the most decorative of the chaperons down to supper in the person of Lady Islington, who had motored over from Rushbrooke, her lovely home near Bury St. Edmunds. She is a vital personality, with expressive hands and intensely blue eyes. Her choice of a dark purple crêpe to show off her auburn hair was a wise one.

The vases of auretum lilies, tiger lilies and zinnias in the white picture gallery, where dancing took place, were unusually beautiful; so were the low bowls of richly coloured zinnias on the supper-tables in the blue-and-white marquee, and the heavy, languorous scent of tuberose in the sitting-out rooms was most romantic!

The flood-lighting of the outside of the house made the garden an attractive promenade ground, and "hearty" guests could patronise the rifle-range and shoot at the dummy with a pipe in his mouth. The company included a number of boys, who were delighted with this alternative amusement to dancing all the time, while the fortune-teller had a queue of clients, too.

Lady Marjorie Dalrymple-Hamilton had a red dress with touches of green, and Mrs. Jack Leslie followed the same colour-scheme by wrapping a bright red cloak over her

*MISS ELEANOR BOARDMAN, the screen actress, and MISS KAY FRANCIS, also of the pictures, are among recent Lido visitors. Here they are seen with the DUKE DI LAURINO.*

*The marriage of the HON. JOHN SCOTT-ELLIS, only son of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, to COUNTESS IRENE HARRACH, youngest daughter of Count Hans and Countess Hélène Harrach, took place last week in Munich. The civil ceremony was performed on Aug. 21, and on the following day the religious ceremony took place in the Dreifaltigkeits Kirche.*

green frock when she sat out. Mrs. Richard Bethell's pale-blue was good, and so were her Nefertari's shimmering silver sequins. Miss Jeanne Stourton wore her Cardinal-red silk coat again, and Mrs. Geoffrey Cory-Wright (Felicity Tree that was) chose green chiffon, in deference to her vivid hair.

. . . . .

The dancing men included Lord Inverclyde, who has just come back from a trip to the Baltic; and a whole bunch of young bearers of great names—Lord Gillford, Lord Townshend, and Lord Walpole, to quote a trio. The son of the house, Lord Rocksavage, was to the fore, and the Navy was represented by three Admirals—Admiral Harbord-Hamond, Admiral Blackett, and Admiral Fountain—and by one "snotty," with brass buttons down the front of his jacket.

. . .

The county all turned up for Miss Ruth Ritchie's wedding to Major Raymond Buller, of the Transjordan Frontier Force, at Melrose. The bride's one of the most popular girls on the Borders; and, though it was a "coat-and-skirt" marriage, the church was most beautifully decorated with mauve and pink hydrangeas, lilies of all sorts, roses, and sweet peas. The bride's suit was of beige linen, very becoming, and Mrs. Norman Ritchie, her mother, wore a black-and-white outfit. Lady Maxwell-Scott's Paris confection was of brown-and-white striped satin, with a jabot of real lace; and Lady Lauderdale was in a gay, summery frock. Miss Janet Jardine, however, takes the bun for *chic*, with her ultra-smart, tiny saucer-like hat perched jauntily on her pretty head.

*The marriage of MISS LETTICE MARY TALBOT, of Lypiatt Park, Stroud, Glos. (who in 1930 was left £500,000 by her great-uncle), to MR. GEORGE BUTT MILLER, of Kingscote Park, Tetbury, Glos., took place at the village church of Witcombe, near Cheltenham. It was a condition of Miss Talbot's legacy that she should obtain the consent of her grandmother before marrying. As her grandmother has since died, she obtained the consent of the trustees, and thus fulfilled the condition.*

. . . . .

The National Exhibition of Needlework, which takes place in Edinburgh in October, is rousing excitement, and some wonderful pieces will be shown. People often speak of "tapestry"-work when they mean petit point, which is a "howler." The tapestry, or Aubusson, stitch is used in needlework, but genuine tapestry was woven. Those who want to see a particularly fine example can go to the Victoria and Albert Museum to admire the seventeenth-century bed-valance which has been bought for the nation through the generosity of Sir Frederick Richmond and an anonymous donor, who co-operated with the National Art-Collections Fund to secure it.

This valance, which came from the late Colonel Henry Howard's collection, consists of quaint scenes of English country life, superbly woven by the Warwickshire weavers who worked at William Sheldon's factory at Barcheston. Every flower named by Shakespeare can be counted in its gay border; and in the sporting scenes one can discern the "hound or spaniel, brach or lym," mentioned in "King Lear."

. . . . . . .

"People who imagine that the Cap d'Antibes is only a *plage mondaine*, visited only by a smart, cosmopolitan crowd," writes my spy from the Riviera, "are quite wrong. We have far more interesting people than that among us! For instance, one of the daily visitors to Eden Roc is that celebrated French artist, Van Dongen. He is a most picturesque figure, too, with his silver beard and blue béret. The other day he was being rowed about in a small boat. Not far off, Mr. John Fergusson, the Scottish artist, could be seen swimming. He is a great contrast in looks to Van Dongen, as he has black hair and is clean-shaven. He intends to have a show in London early in the New Year.

*The DUKE OF WESTMINSTER and the DUCHESS are among the many well-known people at Biarritz. Her Grace was Miss Loelia Ponsonby.*

. . .

"The other night Miss Margaret Morris gave a dance recital to a small audience of intimates," continues my news from the Riviera. "She danced to the music of negro spirituels (Paul Robeson gramophone records), Bach, Ravel's 'Boléro,' and a delightful jazz tune from the U.S.A. entitled 'I Say It's Spinach, and to Hell With It!' She danced this last-named in a pale-pink evening dress, with pale-blue gloves, and brought down the house; as she did with her choreographic impression of the song from René Clair's film, 'À Nous la Liberté.'"—MARIEGOLD.

*A Conservative fête was held at Lint Close, Alnwick, by kind permission of Mrs. Scholefield. Our group shows (l. to r.; seated) LADY DIANA PERCY, LADY URSULA MANNERS, LADY ALEXANDRA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, MRS. SCHOLEFIELD, and LADY ISOBEL MANNERS; and, standing, LORD HUGH PERCY, COLONEL BURTON-STEWART, MISS PLUNKETT, MR. GEORGE BEATTIE, COLONEL A. J. K. TODD, M.P., MR. PLUNKETT, and MRS. TODD. Lady Elizabeth Percy, elder daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland, presented the prizes.*

*MISS POLAND (Marie Zabkiewicz, of Warsaw)*

*MISS RUSSIA (Catherine Antonoff, of Petrograd).*

*MISS SIBERIA (Nadine Fomenko, of Tomsk)*

*MISS BELGIUM (José Mondelaers, of Brussels).*

*MISS ATLANTIC (Louise Lyman, of New York).*

*MISS GERMANY (Maria-Magdalena Kant, of Koenigsberg).*

*MISS FRANCE (Simone Barillier, of Paris).*

*MISS HUNGARY (Renée Gosztony, of Cluj).*

*MISS HOLLAND (Sonja Coers, of The Hague).*

# A TEST MATCH THAT ENGLAND HOPES TO WIN! "MISS

MISS NORWAY (Elsa Lindseth, of Oslo).

MISS FINLAND (Esther Toivonen, of Helsingfors).

MISS DENMARK (Ethel Lous, of Copenhagen).

MISS ENGLAND (June Lammas, of Birmingham).

MISS SPAIN (Eugenia Giron, of Seville).

MISS ITALY (Tosca Guisti, of Lucca).

THOUGH we have lost the Ashes handsomely, there still remains one Test Match that we may hope to win handsomely! This is the great Beauty Competition to be held at Hastings on September 6, when the title of "Miss Europe" will be awarded. The Beauty Queens of fifteen European nations will assemble to meet "Miss England" in the final round, which is to be judged by an International jury, presided over by M. Maurice de Waleffe and containing a judge drawn from every competing nation. Miss Rumania (Helena Dona, of Bucarest) is not shown.

ENGLAND" AND SOME OF HER CONTINENTAL RIVALS.

# WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE NINE GIRLS—FOR BAKING THE 25-FOOT-LONG, 43-LB. LOAF THEY ARE HOLDING.

The RIGHT REV. MAXWELL H. MAXWELL-GUMBLETON—FOR BEING A SUFFRAGAN BISHOP WITH A SEE UNDER THE SEA.

AMOS and ANDY (right) — FOR CROSS-TALKING BY RADIO ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. (BROADCASTING HOUSE, LONDON, TO NEW YORK; AND BACK AGAIN.)

THE WORLD'S LARGEST LOAF (25 ft. long, and weighing 43 lb.) was baked in Walla Walla, Washington, in the centre of the U.S.A. wheat and flour district.

DUNWICH, once the capital of East Anglia, disappeared under the encroaching waves of the North Sea years ago. Nevertheless, it is a newly-constituted Suffragan Bishopric, of which the RT. REV. MAXWELL H. MAXWELL-GUMBLETON has just been appointed Suffragan Bishop.

AMOS 'N' ANDY, the American radio "cross-talk" artists, gave a novel broadcast last week, when Amos spoke from a studio in New York, and Andy from Broadcasting House, London.

ELEVEN ENGLISH GIRLS competed in the final for the title of "Miss England" and the right to represent this country in the International Beauty Contest at Hastings. Their ankles, as well as their faces, were judged. Miss June Lammas won. On other pages of this issue we show her and the majority of her Continental rivals.

MR. COVEY'S swimming-pool is both smart and select. Most of the spectators, who assemble in considerable force, are well-bred and well-behaved cows!

MR. LESLIE HOWARD, who plays Sir Percy Blakeney in the film of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," has to wear many disguises, each calling for a different make-up.

THESE FINALISTS in the Beauty Contest for the "Miss England" Title—FOR BEING JUDGED BY THEIR ANKLES AS WELL AS BY THEIR FACES.

From left to right are Miss Mollie Varley (Miss East Anglia), Miss Marcia Franklyn (Miss Notts and Lincs), Miss Betty Thor (Miss London), Miss Irene Popham (Miss West of England), Miss Nancy Crewe (Miss South-West England), Miss Beryl Hartley (Miss Yorkshire), Miss Dorothy Berreclough (Miss Hastings), Miss Lilian McCredy (Miss Northumbria), Miss June Lammas (Miss Midlands; and now Miss England), Miss Cynthia Lee (Miss Lancastria), and Miss Joan Francis (Miss South Coast).

MR. COVEY—FOR MAKING THIS BATHING-POOL IN HIS FARM-YARD AND NOT OBJECTING TO BOVINE SPECTATORS.

MR. LESLIE HOWARD (here seen in one of his make-ups)—FOR BRINGING TO SCREEN-LIFE THE ELUSIVENESS OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.

GRAN'POP DISAPPROVES OF THE SUN-BATHERS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

# PRETTY SEA - PIECES.

THE charm of the sea-piece may be studied along our coasts to-day as well as on the walls of picture galleries, and, curiously enough, many connoisseurs prefer the living variety that sails under canvas to the static kind, on canvas. These sea-faring girls are all for the joy of a sailor's life, and, though they are ready to take the rough with the smooth, they do have a slight preference for the latter!

DRAWN BY RÉNÉ VINCENT.

PLAYER'S
GOLD LEAF
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
"GOLD LEAF" CIGARETTES 50
No hostess could offer anything more attractive or more appreciated. The tin and the contents fit for any company
24 FOR 1/5 50 2/11 100 FOR 5/10

# MARRIED AND TO BE MARRIED.

*The wedding of MISS AUDREY YARROW, daughter of Sir Harold Yarrow, to MR. DUNCANSON BOYD took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow.*

*The marriage of MISS ELIZABETH K. STEWART, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Stewart, of Achara, Duror, to the HON. KENNETH GILMOUR YOUNGER, second son of Viscount and Viscountess Younger of Leckie, took place at the Church of St. Adamnan's, Duror, Appin.*

*The engagement of MR. CHRISTOPHER YORK, the Royal Dragoons, eldest son of Colonel Edward York, of Hutton Hall, and MISS PAULINE FLETCHER, youngest daughter of Sir Lionel and Lady Fletcher, has been announced.*

*MISS JASMINE VAN DE WEYER, youngest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, of Clyffe, Dorchester, is engaged to MR. FRANCIS BASIL BANBURY, elder son of Mr. R. E. Banbury, of Chilcotes, Baldock. The wedding is fixed for Oct. 5.*

*The marriage of the MARQUIS DEL MORAL to MISS GYTHA MARY STOURTON, elder daughter of the late Major Herbert Stourton and of the Hon. Mrs. Stourton, took place at St. James's, Spanish Place. She is a sister of Miss Jeanne Stourton.*

*MISS JANE L. PALMER-TOMKINSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Palmer-Tomkinson, of Hurst Lodge, Twyford, is engaged to MR. HERBERT INGRAM, elder son of Sir Herbert Ingram, Bt., and Lady Ingram, of Driffield Manor, Cirencester.*

*MISS BARBARA HASTINGS, eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., is engaged to Mr. Nicolas Bentley, the artist-son of Mr. E. C. Bentley, the author. Sir Patrick and his family are spending the summer at their house at Brantridge Forest, Balcombe, Sussex.*

# PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

## By CECIL BEATON.

### No. VIII: MARION DAVIES.

MARION DAVIES is one of the happiest people I have ever come across. With a completely contented disposition, always smiling, no nerve storms and no temperament ruffle her serenity. All she wants is to have a good time and for the people around her to be gay also; other than this she has few ambitions, and her bracelets and swimming-pools mean little to her. She has been blessed by fortune with every sort of good luck, and success has fallen at her feet; she has had to make comparatively little effort to succeed, but she deserves to be of the chosen few.

She migrated from the beauty chorus of the Ziegfeld Follies as a contemporary of Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Justine Johnstone and the late Lilyan Tashman, when her loveliness was staggering, and, to-day, her dewy freshness remains unchanged. She is of a doll-like prettiness, with enormous glass eyes of the palest blue and this porcelain perfection is made more telling, rather than marred, by the charming imperfection of freckles and a stammer, both of which are determinedly concealed from the screen. She is a Greuze type of beauty, old-fashioned, in a sunbonnet, with wax-like skin, enormous eyelashes and the shiniest pearl teeth. Her nose is an urchin's nose, it has never grown up and is the delight of all photographers, for wherever you put a light, there is no difficult shadow to overcome. She has no taste for clothes, and beyond a slight preference for baby blues and pinks, shows little interest in them. Entirely unself-conscious and devoid of any conceit about her personal appearance, her fluffy hair is dyed Hollywood yellow for filming purposes, and she is completely slipshod about her make-up. She only wants to be comfortable, wears a tam o'shanter and Buster Brown pants.

Although not in the least socially minded, she is nevertheless Hollywood's leading hostess, and I doubt if, for the last ten years, she has been left alone for more than an hour on end. She lives, unimpressed, in enormous houses magnificently decorated with statues, organs, banners, tapestries and outsizes in chandeliers, surrounded by vast crowds of sisters, cousins, aunts, nephews, nieces, blonde friends, friends, friends of friends, important people, unimportant people, foreigners, and people connected in a hundred different ways with the films, all of whom she takes in her stride, never pretending to be anything that she is not; she is disarmingly childish and attractively natural. Of all those in the Hollywood film racket, I would name her as being the most generous, loyal, kind and genuinely friendly. You would never imagine from meeting her that she is one of the most powerful and important people in the film colony, but were she to leave she would be more sadly missed than anyone. Her popularity is so far-reaching that Anita Loos, when buying a pair of gloves in New York, was asked by the shop-girl who served her if she had heard from "Marion" lately, adding that she had received a long letter from her that morning; and the amount of kind works for which she is responsible would make her seem a "Pollyanna," which she is far from being, for she is a piercing mimic and wittily observant of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of her audience, and intolerant to all forms of pretentiousness and sham.

Of her work she seems shy and diffident, and goes off to the studio as a kindergarten child goes to school, with the same feeling that nothing of portent is to take place; she seldom talks about her work away from the Metro-Goldwyn lot, but she manages to have more fun making her films than any other star I could mention, for she is free from the prevalent anxiety, fear and jealousy. The whole business is treated as a gay way of spending the time and this gaiety infects all the propmen, grips and electricians, not to mention her cast, who are given every opportunity rather than hindrance. "The film is finished, three cheers, let's give a party for it, let's celebrate. Everyone must come dressed as children or animals, or anything you like." There are a hundred to dinner, five hundred in afterwards. Marion is dressed as a little girl with pink bows on the top of her head. "How'm I doin', honey?" and everybody agrees that she is "doin' pretty swell," and everybody gives each other a great big hand.

When the annual holiday takes place, a party of twenty-five have cabins booked in Marion's name on the ocean liner, preliminary to the grand tour of Europe. Telegrams, boxes of flowers, chocolates, jewellery and every sort of present are exchanged by the thousand; there are parties galore. In each country in which this hilarious party of blondes arrive, there are swarming mobs of enthusiastic fans clamouring for autographs. In London, policemen protect the cars and it is a sad day when the holidays are over and Marion, surrounded by the sisters, cousins, aunts, nephews, nieces and friends galore, waves handkerchiefs, is flashlit by photographers, blows kisses and throws roses overboard. On her return, until work starts again she will spend the day completing a jig-saw puzzle, until it is necessary to make up a four at tennis with some visiting royalty, or to show the precincts to some foreign politician. The evenings will be spent watching a new film, not yet released, or, if the company is suitable, doing charades and imitations at which she is so spontaneously brilliant.

*MISS MARION DAVIES, whose real and screen personalities are discussed by Mr. Cecil Beaton on this page, is, he says, "One of the happiest people I have ever come across." This is, indeed, a charming description of a charming and famous star. Miss Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, and was educated in a convent. She was a mannequin in a Fifth Avenue shop till she went on the stage in "Chu Chin Chow." During her Ziegfeld Folly days, she sat for Harrison Fisher's famous painting, "Morning,"; and in 1919 she took to the films. One of her latest pictures is "Spy 13," in which she plays opposite to Gary Cooper. This has just been seen at the Empire.*

ARRANGED BY CECIL BEATON FROM "STILLS."

# "100 % PURE"—JEAN HARLOW AS THE VERY, VERY GOOD GIRL.

1. *MISS JEAN HARLOW, the original platinum blonde, plays the heroine of "100% PURE," just produced at the Empire. Here she is seen as Eadie, with Tom Paige, jnr. (FRANCHOT TONE).*
2. *Eadie (JEAN HARLOW) was determined to be a very, very good little girl indeed, and never take expensive presents except from a future husband. Tom (FRANCHOT TONE) is tempting her a bit.*
3. *Mr. T. R. Paige (LIONEL BARRYMORE) does not regard Eadie (JEAN HARLOW) as an ideal daughter-in-law; in spite of her purity.*
4. *Eadie (JEAN HARLOW) is devoted to young Tom Paige (FRANCHOT TONE).*
5. *A study of MISS JEAN HARLOW as Eadie.*

# "ROADHOUSE" AND ITS POOL AS A FILM; WITH VI. LORAINE AND GORDON HARKER.

*1. "ROADHOUSE," the Gaumont-British picture directed by Maurice Elvey, is the screen version of the successful play by Walter Hackett, and has Miss Vi. Loraine in the leading rôle, played on the stage by Miss Marion Lorne. This is one of the picturesque scenes in the "Angel Face" roadhouse, where the drama of mystery is played out.*

*2. This is a close-up of one of the scenes at the smart roadhouse, "Angel Face." MISS AILEEN MARSON, MR. GORDON HARKER, and MISS VIOLET LORAINE are seated at the table in the centre foreground.*

NOVA PILBEAM—

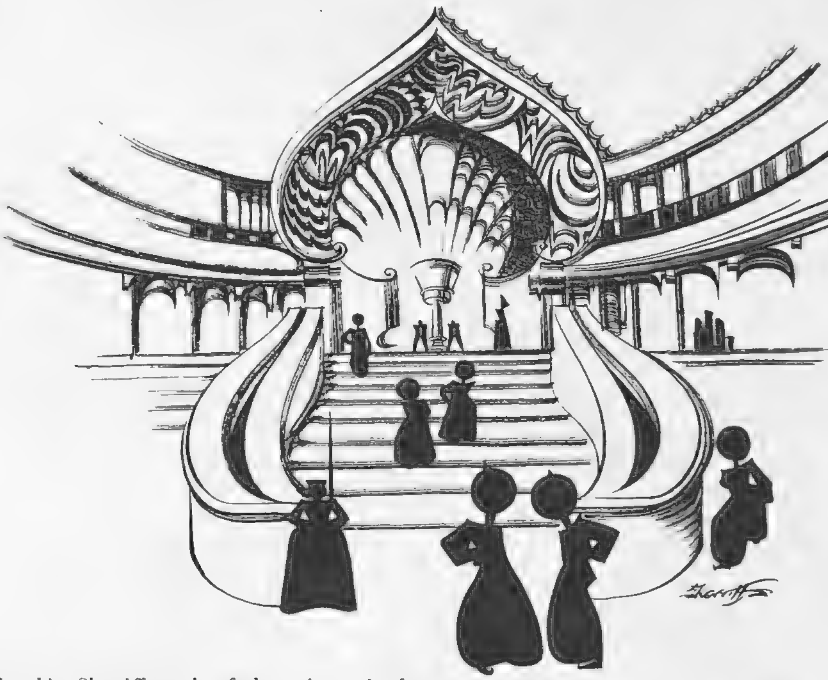
NEW 14-YEAR-OLD STAR.

*The little-girl leading lady is a new form of celebrity to whom we are introduced in "LITTLE FRIEND," a new Gaumont-British picture starring Matheson Lane, and the fourteen-year-old NOVA PILBEAM. She is the daughter of Mr. Arnold Pilbeam, the late Sir Nigel Playfair's manager, and studied dancing under Miss Gertrude Burnett, of the Academy of Dramatic Art. She has had stage experience in "Toad of Toad Hall," "Gallows Glorious," etc.*

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE STAGE.

THE dramatic possibilities of the Brontë biographies having for the moment been sufficiently explored, it is not surprising that Miss Dorothy Brandon, whose excellent play, "The Outsider," will be remembered, should find in "Jane Eyre" material to excite her interest and ours. "THE MASTER OF THORNFIELD," at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, is an admirable adaptation, for not only is the



*In this Sherriffs study of the staircase in the house of Kasim Baba in "CHU CHIN CHOW," at the Tivoli, the magnificence of life in old Baghdad is suggested.*

authentic character of the conversation preserved, but the incidents are welded together with great skill and true dramatic effect. There is probably no piece of fiction in our language, despite its inequalities, its melodramatic situations and its crude accentuations, its immaturity of outlook and ineptitudes of sentimental expression, that is more vital or more unequivocally a work of genius. It is so splendidly actual and so finely imaginative that we condone all its failings. But the difficulty of turning the novel into a play is that the plot must come out stripped of its literary graces, and therefore the melodrama becomes more and more emphasised. It is Miss Brandon's consummate control which has made the opening episodes so genuinely dramatic, but nothing can avert the inevitable accumulation of incidents which in the novel, through the space and amplification which that medium allows, appear natural, creating on the stage the impression of being far-fetched. This in itself undermines the grip of attention, and the little governess and Rochester become less and less convincing, in spite of the admirable portraiture of Miss Mary Casson and Mr. Torin Thatcher. The stage winnows too much of the quality of Charlotte Brontë's work to be able to present more than its shadow. It is beyond adaptation to fit the stern demands of the theatre, because the demands of the two mediums are so different and so conflicting. The wonder is that Miss Brandon, by her sympathetic grasp of the subject-matter and her accomplished command of the needs of the stage, has been able to achieve so much. Until the novel's development gets "something too much," the play is vivid and vital.

In Regent's Park, "THE TEMPEST" is being revived for a short run of a fortnight from Aug. 24, and perhaps this is one of the most completely satisfying of all the excellent productions, not only because of the beauty of the scene, but through the excellence of the casting. Mr. Robert Atkins leads his audiences into the very heart of the poetry of this supremely lovely play, and combines the world of earth with that of the immortals with a sure touch. In paying just tribute to Mr. John Drinkwater and Mr. Robert Atkins, Miss Margaretta Scott and Miss Pamela Stanley (who, by the way, gives the reward of fulfilled promise), and to Miss Maria Solveg in her lovely dancing, for their praiseworthy performances—indeed, the tribute now, in the light of their distinguished and accomplished work, seems almost superfluous—a word of praise must be given to the elocution. It is good to hear Shakespeare's music so well rendered, for "The Tempest" is rich with cadence and sonority. The poetry is spoken with smooth and mellifluous clarity, and the prose, with its effective contrasts, gets full value from every comic point.

"FRENCH SALAD," that farcical imbroglio concerning the Hutt family—a family of such fools as never were on sea or land—moves to the Royalty. It does at least demonstrate what such a gifted actress as Miss Hilda Trevelyan can do with so little as she frivols as the vacuous matriarch, how Miss Vera Lennox can describe the conventional cheeky sister, and how Miss Ellen Pollock can walk the tight-rope in an uneasy situation, for her tipsy scene is done with accomplished discretion. Mr. Whatmore, whose amusing performance in a futile rôle is supported by a capable company all playing in the key he has rightly set for laughs and nonsense, makes it kill a vacant hour pleasantly enough. Though in this piece one is conscious that the theme might have produced, with the salt of satire added to the substance of observation, a play worthy of consideration. At the Prince of Wales and the Garrick theatres, French titles offer revues which aim at the same target. These continuous entertainments, which invite us to drop in whenever we like, have one indisputable merit. The performers and the choruses attack their strenuous task with such an aspect of enthusiasm that we are insensible to their arduous labours, for they never seem to tire. The whirligig goes round and round with the clock, a panoply of dress and undress, dancing and singing and frolicking. The comedians are lustily comic and let no topicality that has a hit in it miss its mark, while the various and sundry items, which range from acrobatic knockabouts to songful vivacities, have their dash of cleverness and their brisk sparkle of variety. There is a tempo that we do not associate with this kind of round-the-clock

*"CHU CHIN CHOW," at the Tivoli. Our sketches in the market-place of old Baghdad show Abu Hassan, a robber baron (MR. FRITZ KORTNER), Zahrat, the Celestial spy (MISS ANNA MAY WONG), the Master of Kasim's household (JETSAM), Nur-al-Din, son of Ali Baba (JOHN GARRICK), and the slave girl who enslaves Nur-al-Din (MISS PEARL ARGYLE).*

show. Mr. Ronald Frankau, in "LA REVUE D'AMOUR," surely seductive enough in its title, compères at the Prince of Wales's with a suave, disarming blandness and contributes no mean portion to the absurdities; while at the Garrick, Mr. Henry Lytton, jnr., successfully steers the entertainment through its innocuous sea of "WEST-END SCANDALS." It is all light, empty, calculated entertainment designed to amuse. It has its meed of high spirits and abandon which the people on the stage seek to convey, and we can only be tolerant or intolerant according to the mood in which we find ourselves. Youth is at the prow and pleasure at the helm, and tomfoolery is the wind.—G. F. H.

# CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

## THE CINEMA.

"A MODERN HERO," which, with "Girls Please" (reviewed on this page last week), makes up the double-feature programme at the Leicester Square Theatre, is adapted from Louis Bromfield's novel of the same name. It is rather difficult to understand why this book should have been chosen for screen material, because Mr. Bromfield's method of telling a story is both ponderous and diffuse. He relates events from the standpoint first of one character, then of another, exploring the antecedents of each in order to account for their subsequent actions and reactions. To select the most significant points from so rich a chronicle is no easy matter, so that though, judged apart from the novel the story of the film achieves coherence and a certain amount of drama, those already familiar with "A Modern Hero" will have reason to grumble at the construction of the scenario. It is an uneven translation, stressing much that is unimportant, omitting a great deal that is not, ending on a note of happiness to come not only false to the novel but impossible for the characters created by the novelist. But, with all its faults, the film holds our interest, and that, after all, is the acid test. After a number of unprofitable rôles, Richard Barthelmess, in the part of Pierre Radier, gives a performance which should bring him well to the fore again. He is admirably cast as the circus boy, driven by ambition, who ruthlessly works his way up to a position of wealth, allowing himself but one emotion—his love for an unacknowledged, illegitimate son. Mr. Barthelmess shows real pathos in the scene in which he discloses his identity to the boy. Of the supporting players, Marjorie Rambeau deserves commendation, for her portrayal of the old circus performer, dreaming of past triumphs, is extremely well conceived; while Jean Muir, Veree Teasdale, and Florence Eldridge, as the three women whose influence helps to mould Pierre, give competent support. Pabst directed this production, maintaining a note of quiet sincerity throughout.

Even before I had seen Jean Harlow's new picture at the Empire, I felt that the title, "100% PURE," protested too much, and I did not expect to see one of Hollywood's most glamorous stars posing as a Salvation Army lassie or leading a campaign of moral uplift. When I discovered that Anita Loos was part-author of the scenario, I was completely reassured. The film opens with Miss Harlow running away from her mother's café, where she is an entertainer, in order to storm New York, not to win fame as a dancer, however, but in search of a rich husband who will give her "what every woman needs most"—a home. After several unfortunate (though profitable) encounters, our mercenary heroine, still 100% pure, achieves her ambition and marries the son of a millionaire. No, you will not be able to find a moral in this story! Miss Harlow works hard to make the character sympathetic and at times is successful, while Patsy Kelly plays the part of her friend on the lines of Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Franchot Tone makes an attractively impulsive hero, with Lionel Barrymore, more sophisticated than usual, as his father. The whole production moves with a fine swing, and contains plenty of smart dialogue. Only the satirical promise of the title is not forthcoming.

It would be easy to denounce "ELMER AND ELSIE" (Plaza) as a sentimental fairy-tale, but I must admit that I found this little domestic comedy one of the most pleasant entertainments I have witnessed for some weeks. It is refreshing to know that the troubles which beset Elmer Beebe, the rather slow-witted van-driver, and his wife will never touch them very deeply, and the director must be congratulated on limiting their triumphs to the same moderate extent. It would have been so simple to have made Mrs. Beebe a brilliant pianist, but in doing so the picture would have been ruined. George Bancroft makes a welcome appearance as Elmer, portraying the kind-hearted, self-assertive workman with great skill; though George Barbier, as an excitable, dogmatic business man, and Roscoe Karns, as a rather shifty factory-hand, are so good that they almost steal the star honours. Frances Fuller, as Elmer's wife, and Nella Walker, as the wife of his employer, prove that, poor or rich, man is unwittingly influenced by the subtlety of woman. A visit to the Plaza should prove a sure cure for depression.

For several years people interested in the future of the cinema have been clamouring for the production of the industrial film in this country. The initial showing, at the Curzon, of Gaumont-British Instructional's first attempt at the documentary dramatisation of industrial life—"HIGH RISING"—is an event of some importance. Directed by Paul Rotha, who recently made "Contact," this picture shows first the building of the Southampton Dry Dock, then illustrates by scenes in various industrial centres how valuable the dock will be, both to export and import trade. Some of the photography is really exciting — particularly the shots in the blast furnaces—though rather too much has been crammed into the short space of half an hour. I await the further output of G.-B. Instructional with keen interest.

B. T.

*Here is an impression of MR. GEORGE ROBEY as Ali Baba in the screen version of "CHU CHIN CHOW," at the Tivoli, after the sudden and romantic change in his fortunes.*

*Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.*

# THE AGES OF EVELYN LAYE IN "EVENSONG."

1. *MISS EVELYN LAYE plays Mme. Irela, the prima donna heroine of "EVENSONG," the Gaumont-British picture based on the play by Beverley Nichols and Edward Knoblock. She makes her first appearance as a young girl.*
2. *At the end of the film MISS EVELYN LAYE has to make up to look like an old woman. This is the remarkable effect she achieves.*
3. *The springtime of the prima donna's beauty was in about 1913. This is MISS EVELYN LAYE in the costume of the period.*
4. *Another view of MISS EVELYN LAYE as Irela, the lovely young singer of "Evensong."*
5. *The amazing effect of age and weariness which MISS EVELYN LAYE can get through clever make-up.*

HELPING TO MAKE ELSTREE THE ENGLISH HOLLYWOOD.

*MISS BETTY HAMILTON, who appears in the picture "The Private Life of Don Juan," directed by Alexander Korda, may now be seen on the stage, for she has taken Miss Gina Malo's place in "Why Not To-night?" This photograph shows her in "Don Juan," due on Sept. 5 at the London Pavilion. She will have to capture an 18th-century French air for her next performance—in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," now being produced at Elstree.*

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## By L. P. HARTLEY.

THOUGH Mr. Baring is the least imitative of novelists where other people's work is concerned, he has his models; not bad models certainly, for they are his own books. It is, of course, a mistake for an author to stray outside his range. Scott should not have tried to write love-scenes, nor Charlotte Brontë the dialogue of the fashionable world, and George Eliot should have stuck to the English Midlands instead of venturing into fifteenth-century Florence. But, on the other hand, it is a pity for a novelist to acquiesce in his limitations, and this Mr. Baring is inclined to do. Beauty in women is a subject that never fails to attract him. He represents it, generally, as an attribute which puts its possessor in a different category from other women. They are just women; she is a beauty, a being of another species, with a different life and destiny from theirs. Her friends discuss her looks dispassionately, almost as they might discuss the form of a race-horse. Strangers would be ready to stand on chairs to see her, as they did to see Lily Langtry and the Duchess of Leinster. Specially dowered by Heaven, she receives homage from all, and awakens in the heart of one or two an enduring passion. This passion, in Mr. Baring's books, seldom brings happiness with it, for the beauty that provokes it is a fatal gift; like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy and Mary, Queen of Scots, the possessor of beauty brings disaster to her lovers and often to herself.

**"The Lonely Lady of Dulwich."**

Zita, the Lonely Lady of Dulwich of Mr. Baring's latest story, is such a woman. Her appearance is the most important thing about her; the moment it was generally recognised, her whole life altered. She had always lived a retired life with her sport-loving, rather Philistine husband Robert, and was to lead it again. But while Paris was all agog with excitement over her portrait, she came out, like the moon from behind a cloud, and illuminated the polite world. Alas! Her beauty spelt ruin for the talented Jean de Bosis, and her act of crowning self-abnegation plunged her once more into obscurity. This time it was an honourable seclusion in Wimbledon. Another, very different temptation, or impulse, presented itself and (almost incredibly) she yielded. The third and saddest act of her life was spent in exile, almost in disgrace, at Dulwich.

Mr. Baring presents his readers with a psychological problem of great interest, comparable to the famous incident in "Diana of the Crossways." Would Zita have made the betrayal, or would she not? I think not; yet, when one considers the circumstances of her life, the long repression of emotion, the desperation of a nature denied for years an outlet for its generous impulses, one wonders. . . . "The Lonely Lady of Dulwich" does not, I think, mark an advance in Mr. Baring's art; it is a variation on one of his own themes, it marks, rather than transcends, his limitations. But it has the grace, the melancholy, the lightness of touch, the impeccable taste, the profound sense of moral values characteristic of his work. It is fully up to his standard.

**"Tea-Tray in the Sky."**

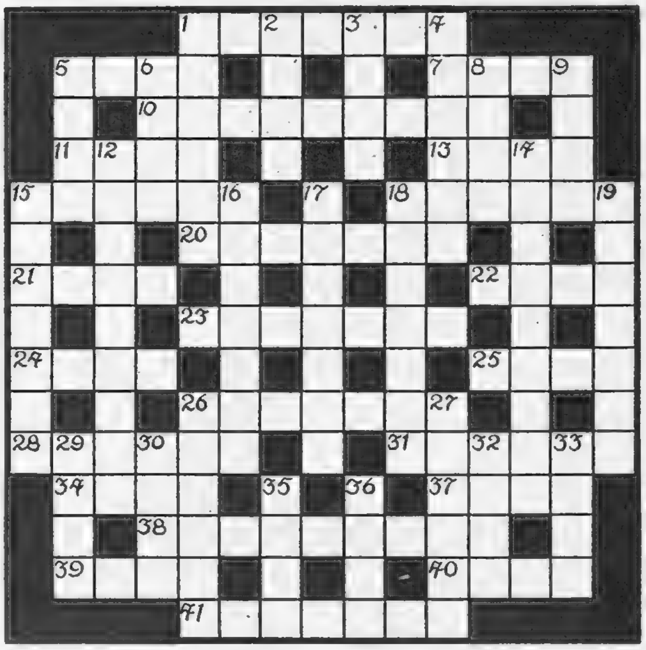
I found "Tea-Tray in the Sky" alternately exasperating and enchanting. Exasperating because of the method, or lack of method, with which Mr. Graham Shepard tells his story. An author has a right to expect attention from his reader, but surely he should provide an adequate number of sign-posts and stage-directions. Mr. Shepard does not. At least five-sixths of his story is dialogue; the characters come and go in the most bewildering way; such commentary, analysis, and direct narrative as there are, are in the nature of asides. It is all very confusing. Mr. Shepard clearly thinks one ought to know what is in his mind—a very flattering assumption, for there is a great deal in it. But he really should have explained himself more fully; he plentifully besprinkles his story with hints and inferences, but they are as baffling to the reader as the clues in a cross-word puzzle or a treasure-hunt. Moreover, some of the dialogue is so trivial as to be the veriest patter; the serious and the frivolous are so inextricably jumbled up that one cannot sort them out, and consequently the story lacks a sense of proportion and (what is more serious) real variety of mood. At one moment we are given a learned and absorbing dissertation on some knotty point in Plotinus; at another we are listening to a rustic taking pages to answer a simple question about the way to Wales. And Mr. Shepard treats both problems with the same copiousness and seriousness.

**A Brilliant Story.**

But, none the less, "Tea-Tray in the Sky" is an enchanting book. The author is as quick, as intelligent, and as lively as his heroine, or co-heroine, Maureen; and a great deal saner. He is as alive to the absurdities and anomalies of English social life as Maureen's daughter, Elaine, though much less puzzled and alarmed by them. Elaine had lived in France. She was brought over to England to see what she could make of it—and she made a sad hash, at least according to conventional standards. But Mr. Shepard writes in such tearing spirits that one hardly knows when to laugh with Elaine or when to weep with her. It is a long time since I came across an author who rejoices in the exercise of his wit and his intelligence as Mr. Shepard does. He is possessed of a sunshiny virtuosity, that never suggests the strain of practice or smells of the lamp. His mind effervesces like champagne, and gives off wisdom and nonsense with engaging impartiality. Manteners, the neo-Gothic mansion in which much of the action takes place, is, with its splendours and absurdities, its irrelevant detail and its sky-aspiring outlines, a fitting emblem for the book; in which experiences that are as real as stone and mortar are built up into an unreal edifice of dizzy height, but without architectural rhyme or reason. "Brilliant" is an overworked adjective, as no doubt *The Times* will presently tell us, but it might have been invented to describe "Tea-Tray in the Sky." There is an occasional echo of Ronald Firbank in Mr. Shepard's work, otherwise it is remarkably original, both in form and content, and it gives an impression of inexhaustible creative fertility. What it lacks is light and shade.

[*Continued on page* IV.

## OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Used free, not to say abusive, language, but not so obviously free as when said backwards.
5. Taking chances in spots.
7. See.
10. The seaside place where you can get a soft towel.
11. Gold and play are proverbially.
13. Noble.
15. One's business or professional life.
18. Wisely cunning about Anno Domini.
20. There's a bit of a gamble in mistrust.
21. It has been said that he floated his company and the rest went into liquidation.
22. Runner, perhaps, and climber, too.
23. Might well be flatter.
24. Send another way.
25. Final phase of the collapse.
26. Shows several all over the place.
28. Quivering.
31. Consumers.
34. Evidently not brand-new.
37. Might easily be deaf, though here it seems to disappear.
38. Ten cranes (anagram).
39. My last in the singular.
40. Take-off.
41. They wore a white rose.

DOWN.

1. This island was never Herod's, but it might have been.
2. You can see this or hold it, and it should be a wide one, for preference.
3. Proverbially thin.
4. Overthrow in the field, and what it may cause.
5. A place associated with tiger-riding.
6. Gin, perhaps—but a quick one? No!
8. It would be very rude to say this nation is found in Bucks.
9. Scarcely yellow.
12. Grandiose should anagrammatically describe these fabrics.
14. What kind of bill suggests a mended chair?
15. Satisfied with everything it can hold.
16. More healthy as it is, but if I dropped out of it, it would be a stern reminder, so to speak.
17. Zinc.
18. Perhaps it would be only natural if miners' leaders occasionally supported this sort of policy.
19. We owe them more than we can ever repay.
26. A famous admiral ends like a French marshal.
27. With least risk.
29. Has often given a bricklayer a rise.
30. Fit and proper.
32. A Cowper poem.
33. Sleep like the others.
35. Remus's brother, but not Romulus.
36. The against prefix.

## A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

*Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, Sept. 3, we shall give a prize of £2.*

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published in the centre of page IV) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

# JEAN MUIR — SAD AND SMILING IN "AS THE EARTH TURNS."

*MISS JEAN MUIR, one of the latest of the new Hollywood stars, shows her quality and high promise in "AS THE EARTH TURNS," recently presented at the Regal. She is a twenty-three-year-old New Yorker of Scottish extraction; and so fond of the land of her forebears that she acts as "Jean Muir," not under her own name of Jean Fullarton. On this page Jean's expressions may be studied. She is sad in our large photograph and in the three small heads on the left; while the small studies on the right show her grey-green eyes smiling.*

# MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

TIME was when the summer passed slowly and pleasantly, a time for peaceful touring at home or abroad, a season in which motoring was enjoyable for its own sake. It was not until chill October, with its fog and rain, descended upon us that we were caught up in that breathless, nerve-racking, but absorbingly interesting period known to the motor trade as Show Time. But now we are flung into the mêlée, willy-nilly, when we should be lazing by the sea, building up reserves of sunshine and strength to carry us through the dark days of winter. Before August is half-through, the motor papers are already pregnant with new models. Manufacturers vie with one another in announcing "detail improvements" which their rivals have had for years. When one gets down to brass tacks, one finds that the majority of the new cars differ scarcely at all from the old. Only at intervals comes a startling novelty; an entirely new design of chassis or engine or a thrilling new interpretation of the coachbuilder's art. Then do we motoring scribes dip our pens into the ink-pot and scribble furiously and with zest.

But new and revolutionary models are more often a greater joy to their designers and we who write about them than to the sober, thrifty public and the careful business men who

*A VAUXHALL "LIGHT SIX" is posed by the side of one of the most romantic rivers in England, at Matlock Bath, Derbyshire.*

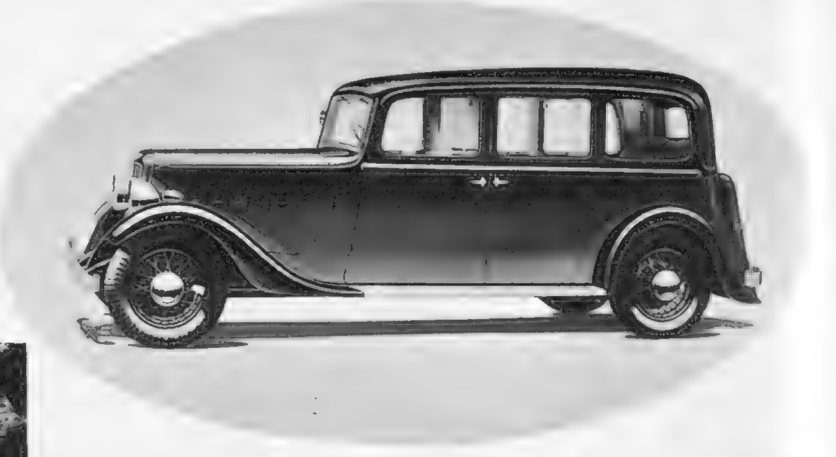
build them and sell them. To generalise is always dangerous, but it is a well-accepted fact that it is sound, from the manufacturers' point of view, to go on making one model, or a series of models, for as long as they continue to enjoy public demand. Thus is the cost of the dies and jigs and special tools needed for their construction spread over an immense number of cars, the cost per car consequently being reduced to the minimum.

From the purchasers' point of view, it is better to invest in a car which will not be changed much in the next year or two, for it keeps its value better and is worth more when the time comes to sell it. Realising all this, the majority of British manufacturers are not bringing out any startling novelties this autumn. Some are altering the appearance of existing models, clothing their frames with more graceful bodies, but most are content to introduce detail refinements to ensure greater efficiency, comfort or convenience.

The Austin people are doing both, for there is a new frontal aspect—a new radiator-cowl and valancing—on all models, and an entirely new body on an improved chassis for the popular "Seven." Synchromesh easy gear-changing is now provided in second gear as well as in third and top. Flush-fitting, self-cancelling direction-indicators are standard. The spare wheel is neatly concealed in the luggage compartment. Prices are down, too, for the Austin "Seven" fixed-head saloon, a remarkably roomy and smart little car, sells at only £112, while an open two-seater can be bought for the round figure of £100. How we used to sigh for "the hundred-pound car" a few years ago!

Generally speaking, Wolseley cars are not much altered, either in construction or appearance. But the Hornet "Twelve-Six" has now been provided with a new kind of pre-selective self-changing gear. This gives three speeds forward *and backward*, which will be useful when backing slowly into a dark garage. A special feature of this gear is that, unless the gear lever is moved into a position marked "B" on the quadrant under the steering-wheel, the engine cannot be used as a brake, and there is consequently no slowing-up jerk when an abrupt change is made from one gear to a lower ratio. A normal type single-plate clutch is used in conjunction with the self-changing gear, the last part of the pedal travel effecting the change to the gear already selected. Brighter colour-schemes are another feature of the 1935 Wolseley programme.

As far as Rovers are concerned, the design of the current models is, in general, so far ahead of its time that it has been found neither necessary nor desirable materially to alter them. Two improvements worth noting, however, are the automatic chassis lubrication, effected when the accelerator is depressed, and the thermostatic control to keep the water temperature always "just right" and to hasten warming-up in the mornings. Otherwise the Rovers still have their well-tried and in some cases unique features, such as front-bumper chassis stabilisers, super-power brakes, absence of



*The 1935 model of the AUSTIN TWENTY "MAYFAIR" LIMOUSINE is a very handsome motor-carriage with quality in every line.*

floor-wells, seats within the wheelbase, controlled free-wheeling, silent coachwork, and clutchless gear-change.

There are a great many detail refinements in the new Daimler, Lanchester, and B.S.A. models. The coachwork, in particular, has been improved, while minor alterations include a new, more easily operated roller-type self-changing gear control, a Daimler-type back-hinged bonnet on the Lanchester, and an "umbrella handle" hand-brake lever on the Daimler "Fifteen." This last has now got a larger engine, of only just over 2-litres capacity. As this

*The 1934 ROVER "TEN" SALOON is a beautiful car. It is here posed against a picturesque background, a good example of the black-and-white buildings which abound in Warwickshire.*

increase has been achieved by lengthening the stroke instead of enlarging the bore, the tax has not been increased, and in 1935 will be only £11 5s. New Girling-type mechanically-operated four-wheel brakes, a stabilising front bumper, and a new five-point vibration-absorbing engine-mounting are other improvements. The Lanchester "Ten" includes many of these features, while the 10-h.p. B.S.A., which has the same type fluid-flywheel and self-changing gear as the other cars built by the Group, is available with a longer chassis for those who prefer a roomier body.

FROM the first British-made collection of Worth Sport (England) Ltd., the coat and suit shown in the photograph on the right are ideally comfortable and wearable, yet each has that French *je ne sais quoi* which it is so impossible to define. It was for the development of such clothes that Worth of Paris formed their subsidiary company, Worth Sport. Special models were selected for each particular country, and these were distributed through selected retailers. So overwhelmingly successful did this idea prove to be that a new company has now been formed in London—Worth Sport (England) Ltd. Expert British workers are employed exclusively, copying perfectly the models of Worth Sport Paris, many of which are made in special British fabrics. Each carries the guarantee of the Worth Sport label, and they may be obtained from leading retailers throughout the British Empire. The coat worn by the girl on the left is made in a woollen fabric with a velvety surface flecked with white hairs. It has Directoire revers, pannier pockets which slope downwards across the sides, and a stitched belt with an imposing chromium buckle.

The grey tweed suit is worn with a red wool jumper. The skirt has slanting pockets on the hips and a stitched inverted pleat at the back, carrying on the line of the loose, half-belted coat. This has a scarf collar threaded through the point at the neck.

# THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

# IN YOUR OWN HANDS LIES BEAUTY

*If you would have a skin that is as fresh and lovely as a flower, use Marguerite Hoare's fascinating creams and lotions, made from fruits and flowers and vegetables. She insists that perfect skin-health is the foundation of true beauty, and she makes it a possibility within the reach of everyone.*

LIKE a flower, a woman's beauty must be cultivated with loving care if it is to reach perfection. Marguerite Hoare, whose salons are at 15, Bruton Street, W., are a meeting-place for women whose good looks are proverbial, is so convinced about this that she seeks the aid of fruit, flowers, and vegetables when making her creams and lotions, knowing that from such simple and pure sources comes that perfect skin-health which is the foundation of true beauty.

She is extraordinarily clever at creating a make-up which harmonises perfectly with the tone of the skin. If possible, it is an excellent plan to make an appointment to discuss this vital question with her, but if there are difficulties which prevent this, send for her Personal Beauty chart. Her brochure, "A Message to Women," is the sort of thing one reads from cover to cover, and it will gladly be sent free on application.

A preparation which has earned her the heartfelt gratitude of numberless women is Nonshine, for, as its name suggests, it gives the nose a matt surface and absolutely prevents any shine. It is put up in containers that may be carried in a pochette, and it costs 4s. 6d., refills being 2s. 6d.

IF one had hands that could not speak, how many things one would have to leave unsaid. And how much less romantic life would be. Peggy Sage, who is famous in America, and who has just opened new and delightfully restful salons at 130, New Bond Street, W., is surely a worker of miracles.

Look at the hands photographed on this page. They both belong to the same girl, and one picture was taken immediately after the other. On the right the nails have been coloured a soft, glowing pink, the tips whitened, and the half-moons left untinted. But above, the whole nail has been covered with an exotic red enamel, and the length and expressiveness of the slender, tapering fingers is made infinitely more alluring. In these salons, not only the nails are nursed to a state of perfection: the whole hand is massaged with penetrating oils and creams until it is shapely and supple and young. If it is too thin it is fed with nourishing creams. If it is too fat, she has preparations which break up the fatty tissues. And all these things—creams and enamels and cuticle-removers—everything—are being made in England by all-British workers.

# Two Bags for Every Gun
## brought down by
# HARVEY NICHOLS of KNIGHTSBRIDGE

**Packed** **Unpacked**

IF you shoot, if you fish, if you like motoring picnics—then you must have this! Four non-fragile cups, saucers and spoons, two 1½ pint thermos flasks, milk and sugar holders and a large sandwich tin are all compactly fitted into a slim leather case, obtainable in navy or brown with fitments of various colours - - - **45/-**

**Packed** **Unpacked**

THIS "Gulliver" bag with a warm wool lining, would make the life of any spectator sportswoman a great deal happier. It can be used as a cushion or opened out into a cosy leg muff with patch pockets and a handy zipp fastener. Yes, the covering is waterproof! Red, green, blue or black - - - - **25/-**

# AUTUMN FORECASTS

*The uncertainty of the English climate does not in the least disconcert this rider, for she wears a Mowbray hunting coat which is guaranteed by Zambrene to be absolutely waterproof. Extremely practical and well cut, it affords complete protection even in the heaviest downpour.*

WITH summer on the wane and the first faint tang of autumn in the air, one's thoughts turn to country sports—to days on the moors, to the sound of guns, to the rhythm of horses' hoofs, to smoke rising lazily from wood fires. And one thinks of clothes in terms of comfort and practicability. One of the most essential items in a rider's kit is a thoroughly reliable mackintosh, for nothing is more dangerous than to have to spend several hours in the saddle wet through and cold. Photographed at the head of this page is the Mowbray full hunting-coat. Double-textured and rubber-proofed, it is guaranteed by Zambrene to be absolutely waterproof. It has an apron front, a long saddle-pleat at the back, wide cuffs, and leg straps for those who ride astride. Correct in every detail, it is made in neutral shades, and, like all Zaramacs, it is obtainable from leading retailers everywhere.

The Zaramac gun-coat, with its long armhole that permits unrestricted movement, is another excellent ally. This, too, is double-textured and rubber-proofed, and will withstand the heaviest and most persistent downpour. If preferred, it can be obtained in a shorter length and worn with a waterproof skirt which fastens with one button and can be adjusted in five seconds.

**Prelude to Fashion.**

There can be no doubt about the success of Marshall and Snelgrove's policy of giving an advance Fashion Parade weeks ahead of most other people. The enthusiasm of the audience, and its size, proved that conclusively. Another thing that helps to make it popular is the interesting commentary given by Mrs. Reading, the Model Gown Buyer, who points out so charmingly the new trends shown in each model that it is difficult to realise what a wealth of knowledge these light remarks hide.

Among the new coats was a lovely violet-blue model with a luxurious fox fur dyed in exactly the same shade, and an interesting black coat with cape sleeves that are different from any we have seen before. Suits with finger-tip length jackets, and one that was laced down the front of the coat and the skirt, caused great excitement, while some of the gorgeous lamé and velvet evening frocks were greeted with a sigh that spoke more than words. Here one saw the new slashed skirt in a golden lamé model, and quaint little capes worn back to front. From the débutante to her still delightful but no longer slim grandmother, everybody found something that made them feel that here indeed was their chance to look their best.

**All at Sea.**

Just occasionally there are moments when I wonder if life is being made so simple for us that soon we shall lose the ability to fend for ourselves. It was after I had been aboard the S.S. *Belgenland* that I was struck by this sinister thought. She was just about to start on one of her summer cruises, and she was so incredibly comfortable and so beautifully decorated that one was left agasp. One of the Red Star liners, for seven consecutive seasons she has made a cruise around the world, and she has become known as the " fine-weather ship," for she has consistently enjoyed on all her cruises phenomenal climatic conditions.

It is a significant fact that she now has what is probably the finest floating shop in the world, and that it is under the management of Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, London. Somehow, one always forgets to pack something. That wild last-minute survey can now be done away with, for almost anything that men, women, or children can possibly need may be found on board at the same prices as one pays at Peter Robinson's, in London. Women will appreciate the fact that beauty problems cease to exist, since the Hairdressing Salons and Beauty Parlours, both admirably equipped, are staffed by men and women from Peter Robinson's regular employees. Indeed, the whole of the staff attached to the shops come from the Oxford Street premises. Handsome show-cases are dotted about the ship, displaying the latest cruise fashions, beach wear, swim suits, etc.—and those who are ingenious will have lots of fun making their own fancy dresses from the materials and accessories which will allow them to let their imagination run riot.

**A Great Adventure.**

If you are still young enough to ride ponies, and to love them, you should write at once to Moss Bros. and Co., Ltd., Covent Garden, W.C., for a copy of their grand story, " Adventure of Two Young Riders." Beautifully illustrated and most excitingly written, it is all about a stolen colt and some villainous gypsies who are outwitted by Peter and Anne. After it looks very much as though they are going to suffer for their bravery. Better still, if you are in London, go along to Moss Bros. and see their new Young Riders' Outfitting Department. Then you will get a double thrill, for in addition to securing your own copy of the book, you will find experts who are ready to help and advise you about every article of riding kit, saddlery, and stable equipment.

THE Arts of the Kitchen have perhaps been more highly cultivated on the Continent. But Continental chefs—and indeed those of the entire world—look to England for the most subtle of seasonings. Wherever the best food is prepared and served, you can obtain this fine old relish so cunningly blended from piquant spices and other choice ingredients. No better fillip to the appetite exists. Given a few drops of Lea & Perrins, you eat with twice the zest and feel the better for it. So, see your table never lacks it. *Garçon, Lea & Perrins!*

ENJOY LIFE AND GOOD LIVING WITH

*Lea and Perrins Sauce*

MATURED LIKE A GOOD WINE

M&C

# FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

TIME was when August was generally and justifiably regarded as a holiday month—a brief interlude coming between the Championships and the renewed club activities of September. But with the spread of International golf and the selection of August for many Continental Championships, and with our own domestic Amateur International matches and Boys' Championship Meeting, conditions are changing, and soon—without counting the United States, where competitive play goes on all through the year—the close season here and in northern Europe will be limited to a few winter weeks. Thus has the Royal and Ancient game spread since the war.

**Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales at Royal Porthcawl.**

Our own Amateur International matches, now happily divorced from individual championship meetings, were a great success, held over the recently furbished and burnished Royal Porthcawl links. They ended in a triumph for Scotland, who, with a young side full of the team spirit, and dour fighters to a man, won all their encounters. To my great disappointment, I was unable to attend, but friends, one and all competent judges, tell me that Scotland's showing was most impressive, and that we can confidently look north of the Border for the nucleus of our next Walker Cup side. Ireland and Wales also proved to own some promising young talent, and it was England alone that disappointed. But as by the law of averages every country has its fat and its lean years, there is no reason for English despondency. New blood will be—indeed, is already—coming along. Meanwhile, Scotland is to be congratulated, with the hope that its professional standard will improve in like measure.

**The Boys' Championship.**

As I write, the week of the Boys' Championship Meeting is beginning at Moortown, that fine, testing Leeds course, with its charming club-house and unbounded hospitality. When this tournament was first started many of us regarded the event with disapproval, thinking that cricket was a better form of activity. Since then, however, some of that many, myself among them, have been forced to modify their views, largely by reason of the excellent organisation of a fixture that grows in popularity year by year. I still hold that cricket is the better game, but, for various reasons, not all boys can shine at cricket, and there is no doubt that the Boys' Championship has already proved itself as a grand nursery for future champions.

**A Distinguished Graduate.**

In it Henry Cotton himself made his first bow, and Jack McLean, Eric Fiddian, Eric McRuvie, Hector Thomson, and James Lindsay—who include present Internationalists—John de Forest, and H. S. Mitchell, last year's Army Champion, all graduated in this way. And I feel sure that every one of them would testify to the value of the experience thus gained. This year, L. Lucas, the holder, is not defending his title, and L. A. Hardie, of Glasgow High School, and A. Langly, of Stowe, who are respectively captaining the Scottish and English teams, are perhaps the two big guns; but, with entries from Canada, France, and Germany, as well as Great Britain, well represented by players from Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Malvern, Cheltenham, and Stowe, it would be a bold prophet to hazard a guess at the eventual champion. I tip Great Britain, but commit myself no further.

**Padgham's Fine Victory.**

Looking abroad, the most praiseworthy performance is that of Padgham, who won the German Open Championship at Bad Ems from a strong and representative field with four rounds of 69, 75, 71, and 70, for the excellent aggregate of 285. Percy Alliss came next, six strokes behind him, and five more British-born golfers followed: W. Laidlaw, Mark Seymour, J. Smith, Bert Hodson, and P. Wynne. Smith, who was bracketed fourth with Seymour at 294, is the professional at Leipsig Gaschwitz. All the others hold appointments in this country. A Britisher has now won the German Open each year since its inception, but it can only be a matter of time before a German professional succeeds. So let us make hay while the sun shines. I am delighted at Padgham's victory, for I regard him as good enough to prove a world-beater.

**Another British Success and a Disappointment.**

Congratulations also to H. L. Archibald, of Royal St. George's, who won the German Open Amateur Championship, beating a young Italian golfer, Gigino Luzzatti, whose home course is the Venice-Lido. Archibald won only on the thirty-fifth green, after a very hard match, from a golfer of whom, I am told, we are likely to hear more. We only just failed to make a clean sweep at Bad Ems, for Miss Gill Rudgard was beaten in the final round of the German Ladies' Open by Frau Liselotte Groos, of Cologne, and an incredible number of stymies. Miss Rudgard has now been runner-up for three years in succession. *Perseverando* is surely her motto. Frau Groos deserves every congratulation, for before beating Miss Rudgard she put out Mrs. Percy Garon, last year's winner, two scalps of which any lady golfer may well be proud.

**Bobby Jones a Phœnix?**

When Bobby Jones emerged out of retirement to take part in the "Master" Tournament over the Atlanta Course, for which he was chiefly responsible, golfers were agog to see what would happen. What did happen? He played as himself until he reached the putting-greens, and here, alas! he found he had lost his touch. At once one heard, "That's the end of Jones." But Bobby has evidently recaptured his wizardry, for not long ago he went round the Highlands County Club course, North Carolina, which measures 6300 yards, in 62 strokes, the lowest score he has ever done. So there!

*LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, LADY ALEXANDRA CAVENDISH-BENTINCK and LADY DIANA PERCY play golf at the Alnmouth Club, Foxton, Alnmouth. Lady Alexandra Cavendish-Bentinck is the elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Titchfield, and the Ladies Diana and Elizabeth Percy are daughters of the Duchess of Northumberland.*

*MISS PAMELA DEUCHAR, who was presented last year, and MISS MAUREEN DEUCHAR, who was a débutante at the July Court in the Palace of Holyroodhouse, are well-known North Berwick personalities. They are golfers as well as horsewomen.*

*THE COUNTESS OF CAVAN is one of the recent arrivals at North Berwick. This snapshot shows her sitting watching the play at one of the holes on the famous links.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News; Every Friday.

# Ready to wear Tailored Suits
## . . . by Debenhams

*Ready-to-wear Tailored Two-Piece Suit, the dress cut on becoming lines with finely tucked bodice, completed with three-quarter coat with jabot collar finished with Indian lamb. In good colours. Three sizes.*
*Larger sizes 1 gn. extra.*

$16\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

*Ready-to-wear Tailored Suit for Scotland and holiday wear, in a variety of mixture tweeds in smart dark colourings. Skirt with box pleats in front, cardigan coat with cape attached, finished with leather belt and scarf.*
*Large fitting 1 gn. extra.*

$12\frac{1}{2}$ GNS.

# Debenham&Freebody

Langham 4444. WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

# CITY NOTES.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"ONE of those mornings when you feel it 's good to be alive, you know. Waiting for breakfast——"

"We all know what *that* means," said She, but not acidly.

"Waiting contentedly for breakfast," The Broker amplified. "The Isle of Wight, across the Solent, looking soft and peaceful; the dew on the lawns a kind of silver-grey; the colours of the geraniums and of the sky——"

"I thought it was the colour of the coffee that you had all the fuss about. We bought a new car with money we had made out of Austins," she continued confidentially. "It was an absolutely fifty-fifty deal."

"In what way?" asked The Jobber.

"I had the brain-wave and he happened to have the money."

"Which you had no doubt enabled him to save through wise and economical management in the house."

"Too obvious, dear Sir; too obvious. Anyway, it was a lucky deal, and I reckon that we have invested the proceeds wisely and economically."

"You sold the shares?"

"Took a good profit. You can't go wrong in doing that."

"Motor shares are useful things to have about a house. Same as Mothers are. I wish I had put a spot or two of cash into Austins or Rolls."

"Can't say you didn't have the tip, old man," The Engineer reminded him. "I 'm not rubbing it in, but two years ago I remember telling you about Austins——"

"Oh, don't start Brokie's game of jobbing backwards!" The Jobber said impatiently. "Besides, you 've told me lots of things that haven't gone up——"

"Begging your pardon, I can hardly have done that, considering the rises there have been in almost every market."

"The surprising part of it is that so many of us seem to get left with the things that haven't shared in those rises. Take my own case——"

"You needn't trouble to tell us," The Broker assured him. "We know what you 're going to say. Shipping shares; Home Rails; oil; Rhodesian copper. Inter alia."

"Yes, and it 's in the interalias that a good deal of the money has gone. I would have done much better to stick to the Westeralias."

"As a thoroughly clumsy pun, that 's not a bad effort. There 's money to be made in that market now, you know."

"What are Westeralias?" asked The Broker's wife. "I have my eye on a new bed-room suite that will just match the car. And the urge to gamble is strong upon me."

"Don't let it get the better of you, dear lady. That way losses lie. Those mining shares are all right——"

"Which mining shares?"

"West Australians. You can buy them as a promising spec., provided you pay for them and await developments over the next few months."

"She wants something that will show her a profit in the next few minutes," commented the husband.

"But you don't tell me which ones?" she cried.

"Oh, Southern Cross, North Kalgurli, Commonwealth Finance, Lake Views——"

"Why don't Lake Views go up?" enquired The Engineer. "Most of the other gold shares had big rises, yet Lake Views hang about the same price for most of the time. Can't understand it."

"Well, the Lake View dividend hardly justifies the price standing much higner, does it? First-rate shares to hold, but nothing exciting."

"'M. I like to see my shares get a move on. Even those Indian mines have gone up again lately."

"Now, there 's a good group for any mining investor to follow. Sound stuff, and with chances of further improvement in the prices."

"That must depend upon the price of gold."

"Oh, if you 're going to talk like that——"

"Well, it does depend on gold, doesn't it?"

"If we had a drop in gold, there would be such a shermozzle in the Stock Exchange that you 'd hardly see the War Loan for dust. But gold isn't coming down in price."

"Who told you that?" enquired his wife, being the sort of thing which a woman would ask.

"Everyman."

"By which you mean, do you, that Everyman holds shares in gold-mining companies?"

"Not a bit. Plenty of people are terrified about gold and gold shares. Wouldn't look at 'em even if the shares were given, free of stamp, into their own names."

"They could sell them and put the money into something else," she pertinently pointed out. "I wish somebody would try that on me."

"You wouldn't know what to do with the money."

"Put some of it into the bed-room suite that I want."

"We were burgled last week," said The City Editor, "and the police told me that the safest room to keep things in is the kitchen. Burglars generally start on the bed-rooms, the sergeant said."

"Insured, I hope?"

"Yes; but, according to my insurance policy, the company has the option either of paying in cash or of replacing an article. I would prefer the cash for some of the things I lost, but I may have to accept replacements."

"Which the company will buy wholesale, I suppose, and——"

"Jolly fine investments, shares in the good insurance companies. Can't possibly come to any harm with them."

"Some of them have pretty extensive interests in America," The City Editor observed. "And their American investments must have depreciated very heavily."

"I think that most of these American losses have been provided against by now. What 's left is nothing to worry about. I understand. You must keep to the good companies, of course, when you 're buying insurance shares."

"You get such a rotten yield on the money from them," objected The Broker.

"So you do from anything; doesn't matter what. You can buy foreign bonds to yield six or seven per cent.——"

"Brazilians give that."

"Or you can buy a stock like Central Argentine Railway five per cent. debenture, to yield over six per cent. There 's an element of risk in it; you can't get six per cent. and safety."

"Nor five per cent., either. That 's why people buy mining shares. They do get higher dividends than industrials or Government stocks return, and it isn't everyone who can afford to take three per cent."

"That 's putting it too low, surely."

"Not when you 've allowed for income tax."

"Oh, no, of course not. But ought you to take tax into account?"

There are some questions, it may have been noticed, that impose a complete silence upon any mixed audience to whom they may be addressed.

"Tell me something to buy," whispered The Broker's wife presently.

The Jobber as quietly answered "Vogelstruisbult. For a ten-shilling rise."

She pouted: "What a horrid name!"

"Yes, isn't it? But the shares will give you a profit, by and by, big enough to buy a bed-room—Suite."

"What did you call her?" demanded the astonished Broker.

*Friday, Aug. 24, 1934.*

*This quartet consists of familiar figures on the Stock Exchange as seen by Fred May. MR. J. J. BARNARD and MR. H. F. BRAY are on the Committee. MR. GERALD BAILY, who is known to one and all as "Bill" Baily, has been a member for nearly forty years, and is very popular indeed. MR. FRANCIS MOORE is another "old timer," a peaceful and persuasive member who also has an interest in the artistic merits of the London Stock Exchange members.*

a feminine frock for tea or dinner

here's the ideal note for a function at home. and the alliance of crêpe and lace makes this frock as becoming as it's practical. the price is so modest, too.

**4 gns.**

**this and many other corot models may be paid for on extended credit terms if you wish. just 'phone or write for full details and the latest catalogue.**

**corol** (dept. s.568) 33 old bond st. w.1. regent 0234

MAKE SURE

WEAR A **Ladye Jayne** SLUMBER HELMET

The su... way to retain the set and beauty of your waves ... to wear a "Ladye Jayne" every night. It kee... the waves gently but firmly in position.

*Avoid imitations which stretch—displacing waves.*

2/- to 6/6 FROM HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES (INCLUDING HARRODS, SELFRIDGES AND BOOTS).

*Look for the tab marked "Ladye Jayne, Regd. Design."*

*Thanks Dr. Pierre*

for lovely white teeth . . . your liquid dentifrice beats all the pastes and powders. Twenty drops, a spot of water and a dry brush—and VOILA! . . . teeth like snow.

Taste? A zephyr in the mouth; faintly fragrant with cinnamon, mint, cloves, aniseed—and with all their splendid antiseptic properties.

**Dr. PIERRE's** *Liquid* **DENTIFRICE**

A dentifrice for the discriminating. Sold by Chemists and high-class stores at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6, 8/6, or post free from: Savory & Moore, Ltd., 61 Welbeck Street, W.1

# BURBERRY OVERCOATS

## THE CHOICE OF EVERY WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

Designed by Burberrys to conform with Fashion's latest dictates, these new models yet incorporate many original ideas. They portray cleverly the exclusiveness always associated with a Burberry Overcoat and, being so designed, do not tend to 'date' quickly.

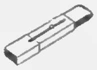
The degree of their usefulness is unrivalled. Made from rich quality soft wool materials that give Warmth without Weight, they are the most comfortable and protective topcoats that money can buy.

*Other illustrations of new models, together with patterns of exclusive Burberry materials, sent on request. Please mention the "Sketch."*

**BURBERRYS** LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

lessons in loveliness by Coty

Every Coty aid to loveliness is a perfect expression of the most modern ideals in beauty culture. Coty lipsticks for example reproduce the natural, vivid colouring of health and youth in 5 translucent shades. Coty Gitane Lipstick costs 2/6.



Smooth on Coty Foundation Cream very lightly — then powder. Your skin will have that admired matt finish—stay radiant for hours. Tubes 9d, Jars 1/3, 2/6.

Coty Face Powder is made in twelve perfect skin tones and a variety of luxurious perfumes. Blended from six tonic ingredients it acts as an all-day beauty treatment. Powder from chin to forehead for a perfect even finish. 1/3 and 2/3 the box.

Coty

Write to-day for interesting booklet, "The Coty Way to Greater Charm." Sent post free by return from SK, Coty House, 3 Stratford Place, W.1.

L2B

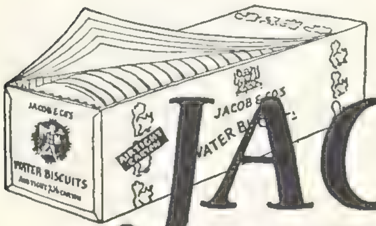
**HAIRS** SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!

Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and perfectly safe. **13/-** post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.

HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

*You may go to* **Cheshire** *or* **Cheddar** *or where you will for your cheese—*

but the perfect accompaniment is always *Jacob's Water Biscuits* they bring out all the flavour of your favourite cheese . .

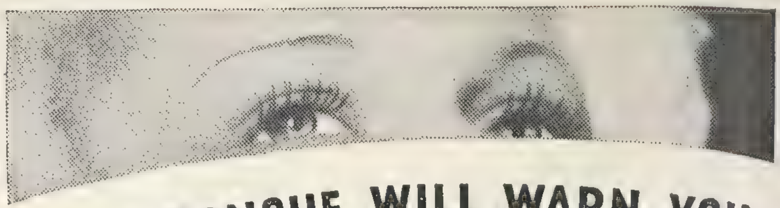


# JACOB'S
## WATER BISCUITS

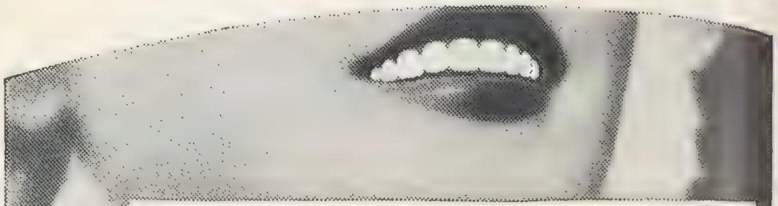
Ask for your Jacob's Water Biscuits in the AIRTIGHT CARTON specially devised to preserve all the nutty flavour and crispness and bring them to you oven fresh.

W. & R. Jacob & Co. Ltd.





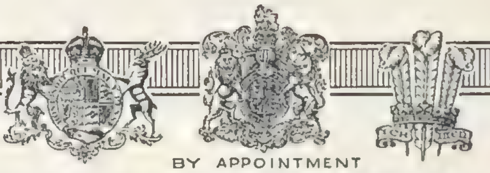
## YOUR TONGUE WILL WARN YOU OF FILM ON TEETH



Feel with your tongue for a slippery coating on your teeth. That is Film. It constantly forms, absorbs stains . . . it shelters germs. To fight decay you must remove Film every day.

Obsolete methods will not remove Film. That is why dentists urge the special Film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Pepsodent is safe, its special cleansing and polishing material is twice as soft as those in common use. As it removes Film, Pepsodent polishes teeth thoroughly and effectively.

Pepsodent stands unique in Film-removing power . . . in giving teeth back their natural lustre.



BY APPOINTMENT

# THEODORE HAMBLIN L^TD
DISPENSING OPTICIANS

HAMBLIN'S
## "FULL - FIELD" SPECTACLES

ARE **IDEAL** FOR ALL **SPORTS**

Ordinary spectacle frames designed for round or oval lenses do not give a large enough field of vision for sports.

"FULL-FIELD" Spectacles, as the name implies, are designed to afford an uninterrupted field of vision at points not possible with an ordinary spectacle frame.

*An illustrated Brochure will be sent on application.*

**15, WIGMORE STREET**
**LONDON, W.1.**
AND PROVINCES

# TESTED BY OVER 20,000 MOTORISTS—
# FOR TWELVE MONTHS ON END—
# ON ROADS THE WHOLE WORLD OVER—
# TESTED AND FOUND GOOD!

You want your new car to be as up-to-date as any on the market, and yet utterly trustworthy and reliable.

You want to *know*—but how can you be *sure?*

Well you *can* be sure—if you choose a 1935 Standard.

For the 1935 Standards are advanced up-to-date editions of the Standards of 1934 . . . Standards which have been *proved* good by more than 20,000 motorists like yourself.

The 1935 Standard—trustworthy—reliable—tested and brilliantly modern—the car for you!

ALL-STEEL BODIES FOR SAFETY

BUOYANT POWER

BENDIX DUO-SERVO BRAKES

SYNCHRO-MESH GEARS IN 2nd, 3rd AND TOP WITH CONTROLLED FREE-WHEELING

STARTIX AUTOMATIC RE-STARTING

X-BRACED FRAMES

ILLUMINATED DIRECTION INDICATORS

SLIDING ROOF WITH ONE POINT OPERATION

TWO SYNCHRONISED SCREEN WIPERS

NO-DRAUGHT DOOR WINDOW LOUVRES

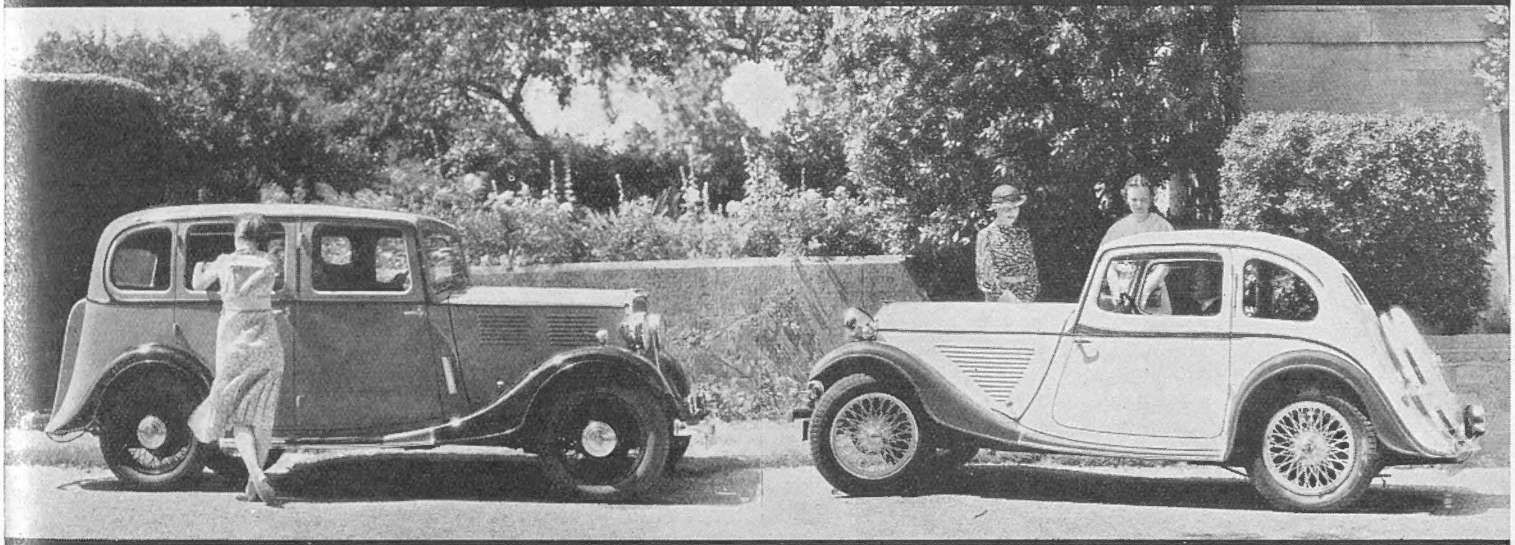
CENTRAL WINDSCREEN CONTROL

CONCEALED SPARE WHEEL & LUGGAGE GRID

COMPENSATED VOLTAGE CONTROL

D.W.S. INTEGRAL 4-WHEEL JACKING SYSTEM

## TRUSTWORTHY—TESTED—AND BRILLIANTLY MODERN—



## THE CAR FOR YOU!

FIVE "OWNER-TESTED" MODELS

**1935 STANDARD 2-DOOR "NINE" 4-cyl.**
Saloon . . . . . . . . . . . £145
Saloon de Luxe . . . . . . £155

**1935 STANDARD "TEN" 4-cyl.**
Saloon . . . . . . . . . . . £185
Saloon de Luxe . . . . . . £195
"Speedline" Saloon . . . £225
2-Seater Coupé . . . . . . £235
Tickford Foursome Coupé £245

**1935 STANDARD "TWELVE" 4-cyl.**
Saloon . . . . . . . . . . £219
*(Without D.W.S. Jacks £4 less)*
Saloon de Luxe . . . . . . £239
*(Without D.W.S. Jacks £4 less)*
Radio de Luxe Saloon . . £255
*(With D.W.S. Jacks)*

**1935 STANDARD "SIXTEEN" 6-cyl.**
Saloon de Luxe . . . . . . £285

**1935 STANDARD "TWENTY" 6-cyl.**
Saloon de Luxe . . . . . £395

**THE NEW "SPEED 10-12" MODELS 4-cyl.**
"Speed 10-12" Saloon . . . . . . . . . . . . £245
"Speed 10-12" "Speedline" Saloon . . . . . £250
"Speed 10-12" Coupé . . . . . . . . . . . . £265
"Speed 10-12" Tickford Foursome Coupé . . £295

**AND A NEW 4-DOOR "NINE" 4-cyl.**
Saloon £165 Saloon de Luxe £175

*All prices are ex-works.*
*Every Standard Car has Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass.*

## 1935 STANDARD CARS

Write for 1935 literature to:
THE STANDARD MOTOR CO., LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY.
Phone: Coventry 3181. Telegrams: "Flywheel, Coventry."
West End Showrooms: "Standard Cars," 37, Davies St., Grosvenor Square, London, W.1. Phone: Mayfair 5011.

## BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXVIII.

### "ALWAYS" AND "NEVER," WITH VARIATIONS.

STRANGE it is that bridge is kept in water-tight compartments. For years we had the bidding compartment; nothing mattered but the bidding—contract conversation turned on nothing but the bidding and the latest system or convention for the bidding (you must excuse me for harping so continually on this subject). Then suddenly the more important compartment—the play of the hand when it had been bid—opened up, and we read about and discussed nothing except the play of such and such a hand. Play was, and is, sub-divided in smaller compartments: thus, up to a little while ago, play consisted entirely of "squeeze" play; read where you would, "How should this hand be played?" and the answer always was, "Lead out so and so when A or B is squeezed and Y makes the rest." Nine double-dummy problems out of ten were based on "squeeze" play—"squeeze" play was the thing; it was fashionable, and not only that, it was set up as something new in the art of bridge play, while, as a matter of fact, it is the oldest dodge known. Why, half the bridge players in the world, when not sure what to do next, lead out their long trumps or established suit, on chance that something will happen on the discards forced.

The "squeeze" having run its course, the high-spot in play turned on "entry cards in dummy—how to make them." This, to be sure, is one of the most important features of defensive play, but the number of opportunities of "making entries" in dummy is so few that, instead of the constant harping on this play, it would be wiser to concentrate on "entry cards in dummy—how and when to retain them." You will note, too, that all *coups* dealt with are made by player of the hand—not one in fifty examples deals with the play against declarer. This is the more remarkable since (*a*) far more rubbers, as we would say in Ireland, are won by good defence than by good offence, and (*b*) the card knowledge of sound defence among bridge players is extremely limited. That game is played on half-a-dozen cast-iron book rules, which are never departed from, and which, between you and me, are nearly always wrong! I know hundreds of players who play the dummy hand perfectly well—even to handling a tricky situation—but give these same players a little simple problem in defence and they go hopelessly wrong. They *will* play in defence by rule; in the offensive situation they will (sometimes) allow imagination to help them out and let the rules go hang.

Personally, I hold that the "always" rules might just as well be labelled "never" rules—the results would not vary a lot from normal. What the player needs is instruction in when to "vary" the "always" to "never"; thus, NEVER return your partner's suit, NEVER cover an honour, NEVER open your partner's suit, would do as well as shoving ALWAYS in front of these *jeu de règle*, with variations! Taken all round, I still find the play of the cards in this country very poor—in defence, it is what Colonel Buller would describe as "shocking" and Captain Kempson as "truly terrible." I wish, therefore, that our experts, instead of going bald-headed for one particular point in play, would spread themselves more on generalities, and, at that, on generalities of the more usual, simple, and, indeed, often obvious kind. Some hands crop up that include, on both sides of the table, simple and more or less obvious deviation from cut-and-dried play. Here is a case in point. The hand was played in duplicate. In one case A made eleven tricks, in another he made ten tricks; at three other tables he made nine tricks, and never gave the cards a chance of making more. Actually, with the same opening lead, A can only make nine tricks against sound defence—

SPADES—Q, 3, 2.
HEARTS—Kn, 2.
CLUBS—10, 9.
DIAMONDS—A, Q, 10, 6, 5, 4.
B (Dummy)

| Y | Z |
|---|---|
| SPADES—7, 6, 5, 4. | SPADES—Kn. |
| HEARTS—K, 9, 8, 7. | HEARTS—Q, 10, 6, 5. |
| CLUBS—K, Kn, 3, 2. | CLUBS—Q, 7, 6, 5. |
| DIAMONDS—2. | DIAMONDS—K, 9, 8, 3. |

A (Player)
SPADES—A, K, 10, 9, 8.
HEARTS—A, 4, 3.
CLUBS—A, 8, 4.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 7.

The contract is four spades. Y leads the two of diamonds.

**The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.**

*Name* ________________

*Address* ________________

________________

*(See page 410.)* 29/8/34.

### SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUGUST 22.

ACROSS.—1. Clearing-house. 10. Range. 11. Fisherman. 12. Abstainer. 13. Torso. 14. Invades. 16. Caustic. 18. General. 20. Thinner. 21. Olive. 23. Tentative. 25. Road Board. 26. Ideal. 27. Heartlessness.

DOWN.—2. Links. 3. Alexander. 4. Infants. 5. Gastric. 6. Overt. 7. Samaritan. 8. Groaning Board. 9. Unconcernedly. 15. Vindicate. 17. Unitarian. 19. Let Fall. 20. Tenedos. 22. Ember. 24. Ideas.

MRS. RUTH CLEEVES, 2, Dudley Court, Upper Berkeley Street, W.1, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of Aug. 15 to be first opened on Monday morning, Aug. 20. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

## *THE LITERARY LOUNGER.*—(*Contd. from p. 410.*)

**"India's Coral Strand."** Richard Oke is not content with copying the surface, or plumbing the depths, of everyday life. He constructs a world of his own—the country of the Copperskins—a sort of Ruritania set in the Far East, with jungles and goddesses and sacrificial stones and warring tribes instead of civilised capitals, lovely ladies, gay adventurers, and international situations. Hither, in a cataleptic trance, is transported, in spirit and, strangely enough, in body, Mrs. Yarlove, "a respectable, religious, middle-class matron from the Midlands." On her arrival she is declared a goddess; and while her nearly inanimate body lies at home stared at by curious and vulgar sightseers, her translated self receives the homage of her worshippers and plays no small part in the development of the Copperskin polity. She introduces reforms; she abolishes slavery; she sets her face against militarism; and, to feed her emotional life, she adopts a boy and a girl, the former of whom is responsible for her being ultimately discredited.

"India's Coral Strand" is not at all the kind of book one expects from the pen of Mr. Oke: it is serious and rather solemn, and quite free from the airy impertinence of his earlier stories. It is, in fact, an experiment in allegorical fiction, and, on the whole, a successful one. There are times when the narrative moves rather slowly, but we always want to know what is going to happen next. And, to compensate for the occasions when the bright face of the author's "symbolical" meaning is veiled behind a cloud, we sometimes get full glimpses of it—or think we do—parallels with Fascism and Nazi-ism, and tendencies that perplex the modern world.

**"Death in High Society."** Miss Inez Holden writes about people who are generally rich, sometimes young, but never bright. They pass before us in "Death in High Society"—a gloomy procession, tormented by fate, by ill-health, by their own maladjusted emotions. Miss Holden's style, always stark, is here starker, influenced, perhaps, by a linguistic system called "Basic English," which admits only a few words, and those the simplest. The bleak word "persons" occurs with distressing frequency. Yet the slightly Biblical flavour of her prose is not unpleasant; and the stories themselves betray rather than exhibit feeling, observation, and, on occasion, real subtlety. Most of them are written in a spirit of scepticism and sadness, but they are free from conscious pose.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

**The Lonely Lady of Dulwich.** By Maurice Baring. (*Heinemann; 5s.*)

**Tea-Tray in the Sky.** By Graham Shepard. (*Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.*)

**India's Coral Strand.** By Richard Oke. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)

**Death in High Society. And Other Stories.** By Inez Holden. (*Kegan Paul; 2s. 6d.*)


## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New). 8.30.—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Savoy). 8.30.—Colin Keith-Johnston as the hero.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Queen's). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martit Walker, Carol Goodner.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Nelson Keys; Bertha Riccardo, Greta Nissen, Betty Hamilton, and the Wiere Bros. also helping.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion). 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares and Muriel Aked.

"ADMIRALS ALL" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—Amphibious comedy, with Laura La Plante, Clive Currie, etc.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC" (Saville). 8.30.—Viola Tree, Reginald Purdell, and some crack dancers in a musical entertainment.

## PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

## FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CHU CHIN CHOW" (Tivoli).—Spectacular screen version of the famous musical comedy.

"100% PURE" (Empire).—Sophisticated novelette starring Jean Harlow.

"ELMER AND ELSIE" (Plaza).—Well-acted domestic comedy.

"HIGH RISING" (Curzon).—Documentary film dealing with the building of the Southampton Dry Dock.

## FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"A MODERN HERO" (Leicester Square Theatre.)—Richard Barthelmess in the rise of a circus boy.

"A CUP OF KINDNESS" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—The old Aldwych team in fine form.

"CLEOPATRA" (Carlton).—A visit to Ancient Egypt with Cecil B. de Mille.


PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1934. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

## CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

### BELGIUM.

**Brussels.—Grand Hotel.**—Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

**Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt.**—Finest sit. F'c'ng sea. Wonderful sands. 140 rms. Exc'll'nt kitchen. Full board terms from Fr. 60.

**Bruges.—Hotel de Flandre and Restaurant.**—First class comforts in old world surroundings. Garden Restaurant.

### CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

**Franzensbad.—Hotel Königsvilla.**—The leading first-class Hotel with all modern comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

### FRANCE.

**Paris.**—Champs Elysées—**Hotel de Delft.**—30 Rue Montaigne. Good fam. Hotel. Quiet, comf. Good cuisine. Full board from 40 Frs.

**Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol.** — First-class. From Francs 70 daily. Near sea.—G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

**Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.**—Latest 1st-class Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

**Lyons.—Carlton Hotel.**
The best
reduced rates.

**St. Cast** (nr. Dinard).—**Royal Bellevue.**—Right on the beach. All comft. 40 baths. Garage. Garden. Early from £3 15 0; high season £4 5 0.

### GERMANY.

**Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe.** — 200 beds. First-class. Rooms from RM. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

**Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.**—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

**Cologne. — Hotel Comoedienhof.** — Dignified hotel with all com. Near Cathedral. Rooms fr. RM. 4, with p.b. fr. RM. 8. Man. A. Grieshaber.

**Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.**—The leading Hotel. World renowned. Unique position on the River. G'n-P'k, Ter's, Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

**Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.**—Leadg. hotel, r. fr. RM. 5—w. bath fr. RM. 9.—Amer. Bar—Orch.—Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

**Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze. 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

**Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe.** — First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

**Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perft. Htl. bldng. Select home of intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

**Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.**—Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

**Schlangenbad, Kurhaus Hotel.**—Greatest and most fashionable Hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

**Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—(1st Cl.) family hotel—300 beds—medical bath in the Hotel—Golf—Tennis—Garage—Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

### GERMANY—*continued.*

**Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.**—World - renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

**Wiesbaden—Palast - Hotel.** — First - class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath—establishment. Pension fr. RM. 10.

**Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.**—A famous hotel in a famous spa. Thermal baths. Trout-fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

### ITALY.

**Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.** — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

**Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.**—The fash'ble Island of all Sports. Golf (18 holes), Polo, Sail'g, Fish'g, Tennis, Shoot'g, Beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

**Courmayeur** (Aosta).—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rms. Baths. Grdn. Orchestra. Tennis. Pension from Lire 40.

**Gardone** (Lake of Garda).—**Grand Hotel.**—Large Park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

**Menaggio** (Lake of Como).—**Victoria Hotel.**—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Ten. Bowling. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

### SWEDEN.

**Saltsjöbaden** (near Stockholm).—**Grand Hotel.** Ldg. Tourist Htl. A house with every comfort for those desiring the best. Reasonable terms.

### SWITZERLAND.

**Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.**—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

**Gunten.—Park Hotel.**—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 upwards.

**Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.**—Best situat. facing Jungfrau, next to Garden of Casino. All C'mf's. Ren'wn'd Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. F.14.50.

**Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position, first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5. 0. 0.

**Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.**—Home-like house. Latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

**Les Avants S/Montreux.**—3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.**—Renovated, running water, incl. terms from 12 shillings. Nic. Vital, Prop.

**Mont Pelerin,** above Vevey.—**The Grand Hotel.** 1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overl. whole Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

**Montreux.—Hotel Continental.**—On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charming pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

**Thun. — Hotels Bellevue and Park.**—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

**Wengen.—Palace Hotel.**—'The best of the best.' Tennis. Bathing. Mountaineering. Dancing. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.—Fritz Borter, Propr.

**Zürich.—Dolder Grand Hotel.**—Golf in front of Hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view; Swimming pool.

---

***Luxury Living at Moderate Price***

Spend your summer holidays at this luxury hotel. Ideally situated, overlooking the Channel. Sheltered, quiet and convenient, and possessing a long sun-lounge facing the sea to enable visitors to gain the full benefit of the South Coast sunshine. Hot and cold water in bedrooms—unrivalled food and service. ***4½ gns. per week inclusive.***

**ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL**

**ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.** *'Phone: Hastings* 869.

---

**THE PIKE AND EEL INN**

**OVERCOTE FERRY, Nr. ST. IVES, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**

*Tel.:* SWAVESEY 25.

*The 14th Century Fishing Inn with Every Modern Luxury.*

GOOD FOOD. GOOD WINE. BATHROOM SUITE. CENTRAL HEATING. REFRIGERATION.

1,000 ACRES 1ST CLASS PARTRIDGE SHOOT.

---

**WHY NOT FIT A CLAUDEL-HOBSON POWER JET CARBURETTER** and get maximum power with minimum consumption? For all types of internal combustion engines. Generous allowance for earlier Claudel-Hobson types. Full particulars from H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 47-55, The Vale, Acton, W.3.

---

**"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½" × 2½"**

FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS

**2/- PER DOZ.**

LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

**WALLACE HEATON LTD.**

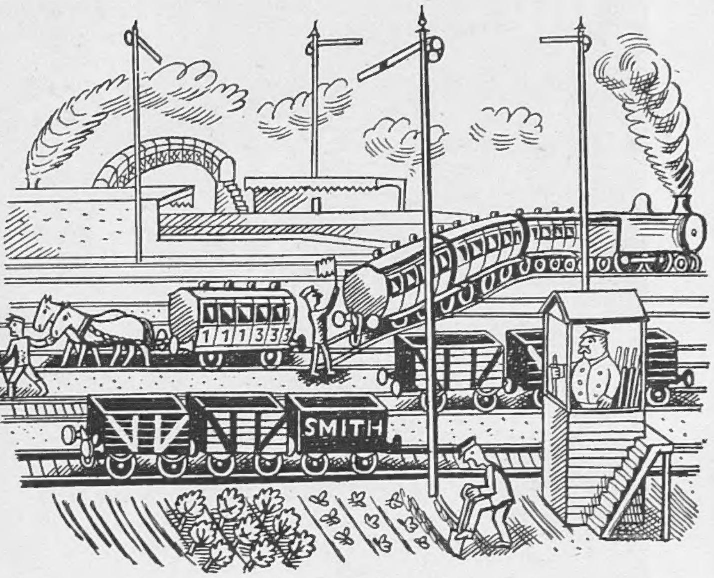
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

---

**WONDERS of ANCIENT GREECE**

**combined with a delightful holiday. Athens, Crete,** Delphi, etc. SMALL personally conducted tour, 28 days, 7th September to 4th October, 50 guineas; also 12th October to 31st October, 48 guineas, all inclusive. London — Greece — London. **Anglo Hellenic Tours, First Avenue House, London, W.C. 1.**

---




# Ashby-de-la-Zouch

*but*

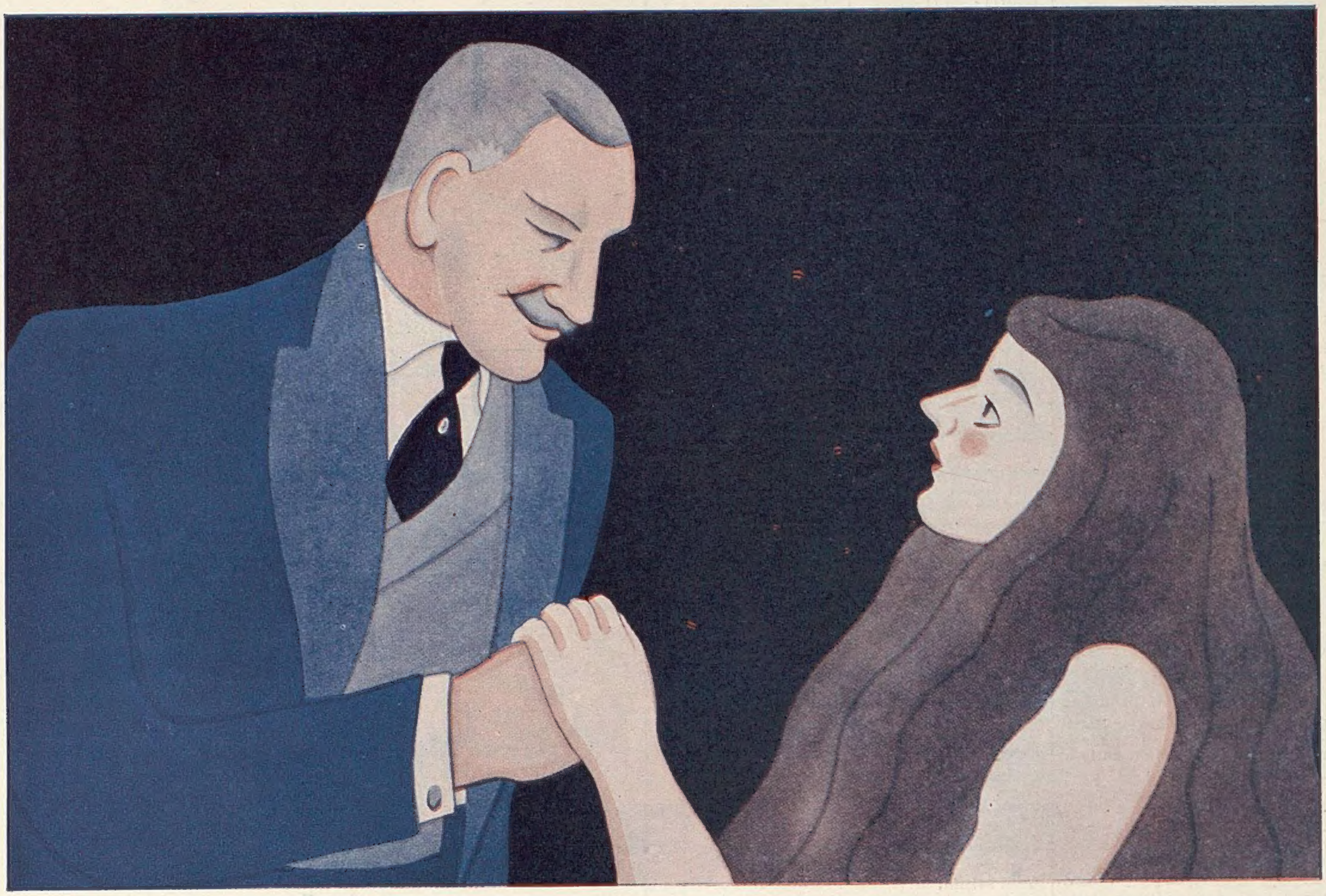
# SHELL

# sur la route

## You can be sure of Shell

THE SHELL GUIDE TO CORNWALL
An entirely new type of Guide Book.
Price 2/6. Obtainable from all booksellers.

# 'Duggie' makes history . . .



## Lady Godiva becomes *Godiva the Enthusiastic*

*Godiva:* "Oh, Mr. Stuart, I am undone. But I feel you are the one man I can really trust."

*Duggie:* "Of course you may. Tell me everything, dear lady—tell me the naked truth."

*Godiva:* "I have entered for the Coventry Point-to-point, the famous bare-back ride through the city—you have probably heard of it."

*Duggie:* "I have. Pray proceed."

*Godiva:* "Well, I was out this morning for a trial canter over the course. Naturally I wanted my form kept secret."

*Duggie:* "Naturally—and you were observed?"

*Godiva:* "Yes. A young man was in hiding and spied on me."

*Duggie:* "How shameful. Who was he?"

*Godiva:* "His name is Peeping Tom. He has confessed—made a clean breast of it. Oh, I can't bear it. I shall never get the price I had hoped for."

*Duggie:* "That's where you're mistaken. This is such an odd thing for a lady to do that I will give you any odds you like. What had you intended to put on?"

*Godiva:* "Nothing at all."

*Duggie:* "This certainly is the strangest bet I've ever struck."

*Godiva:* "But I only want to back myself for a place in British History."

*Duggie:* "In that case you have won. I will let you have a cheque for your winnings."

*Godiva:* "How marvellous of you. My enthusiasm for the ride was cooling but you have renewed it. But as I am putting nothing on, what are you going to give me?"

*Duggie:* "Just a blank cheque, my dear lady, just a blank cheque."

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients.

Write to-day and open a credit account.

DOUGLAS STUART · STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2